

LIFE

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER END
OF ANNE FRANK'S DIARY
EXCLUSIVE STORY TELLS OF HER TRAGEDY



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ANNE FRANK ON PAGE FROM HER DIARY

AUGUST 18, 1958

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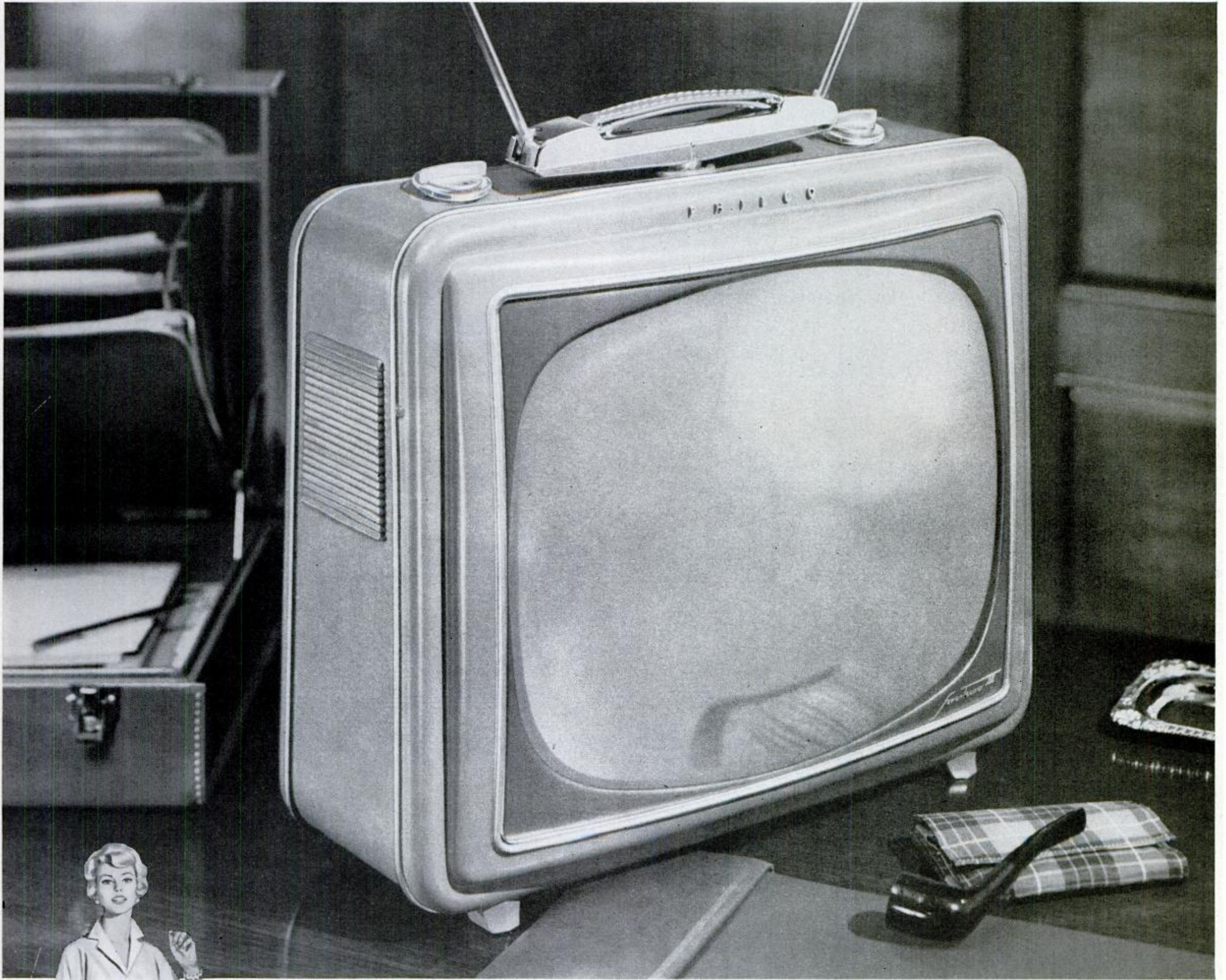
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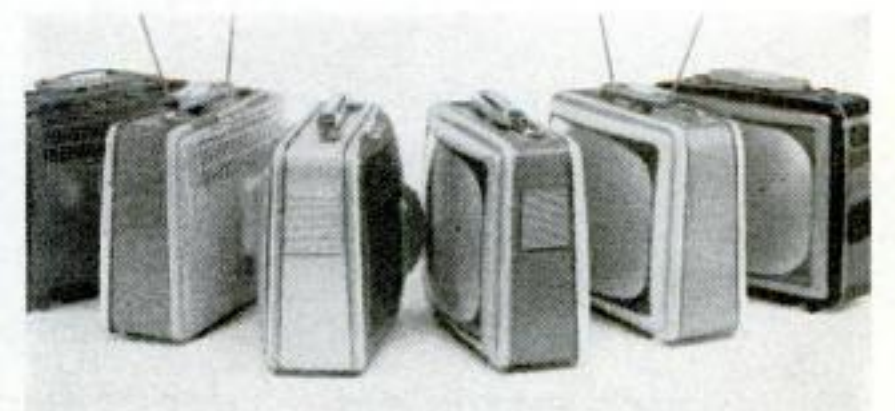
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Teamsters and hoodlumism

14

A Teamster hoodlum who had probably burned himself to death, a roster of other roughnecks, a brave ex-Teamster's back talk—all add up to a frightening picture of Jimmy Hoffa's violent regime.



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HAAS'S BRONCO RIDER

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ANNE FRANK

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"ZORRO" ON CARROUSEL

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"This is a photo as I would wish myself to look all the time. Then I would have a chance to go to Hollywood," wrote Anne Frank beside this picture she pasted in her diary before her capture by the Nazis and the final days of her life described on pages 78-90

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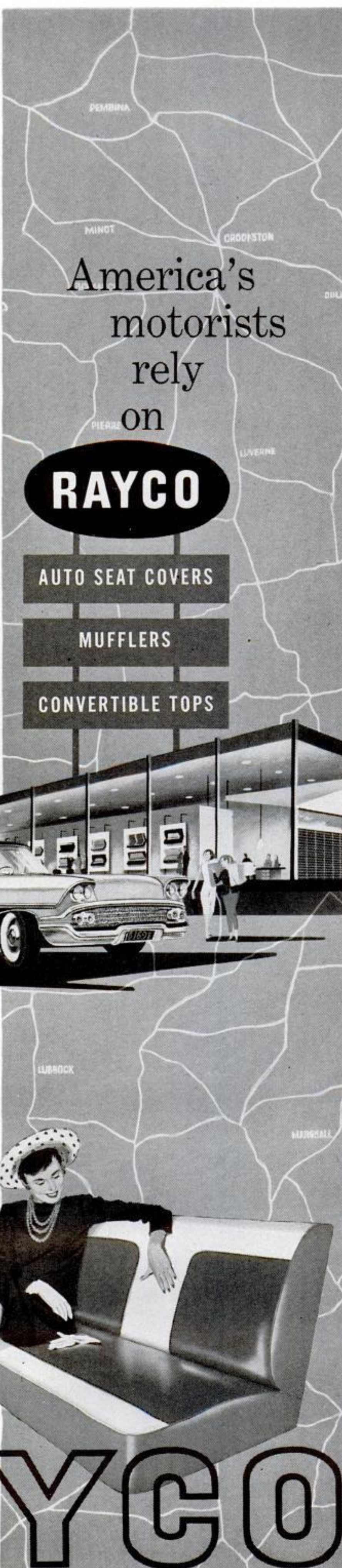
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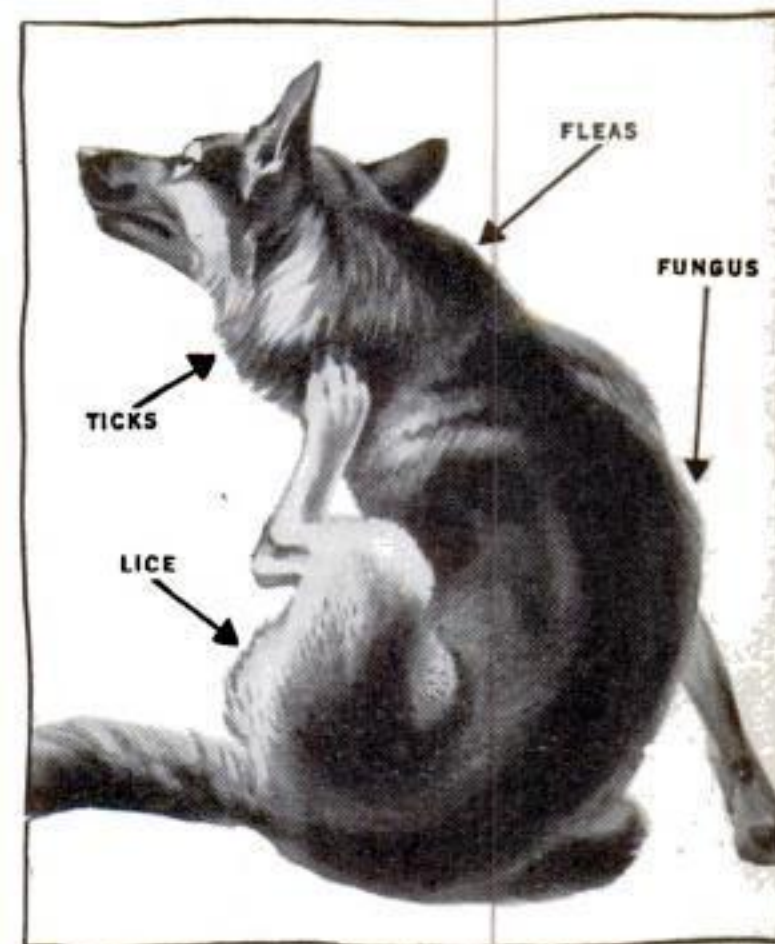
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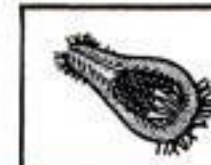
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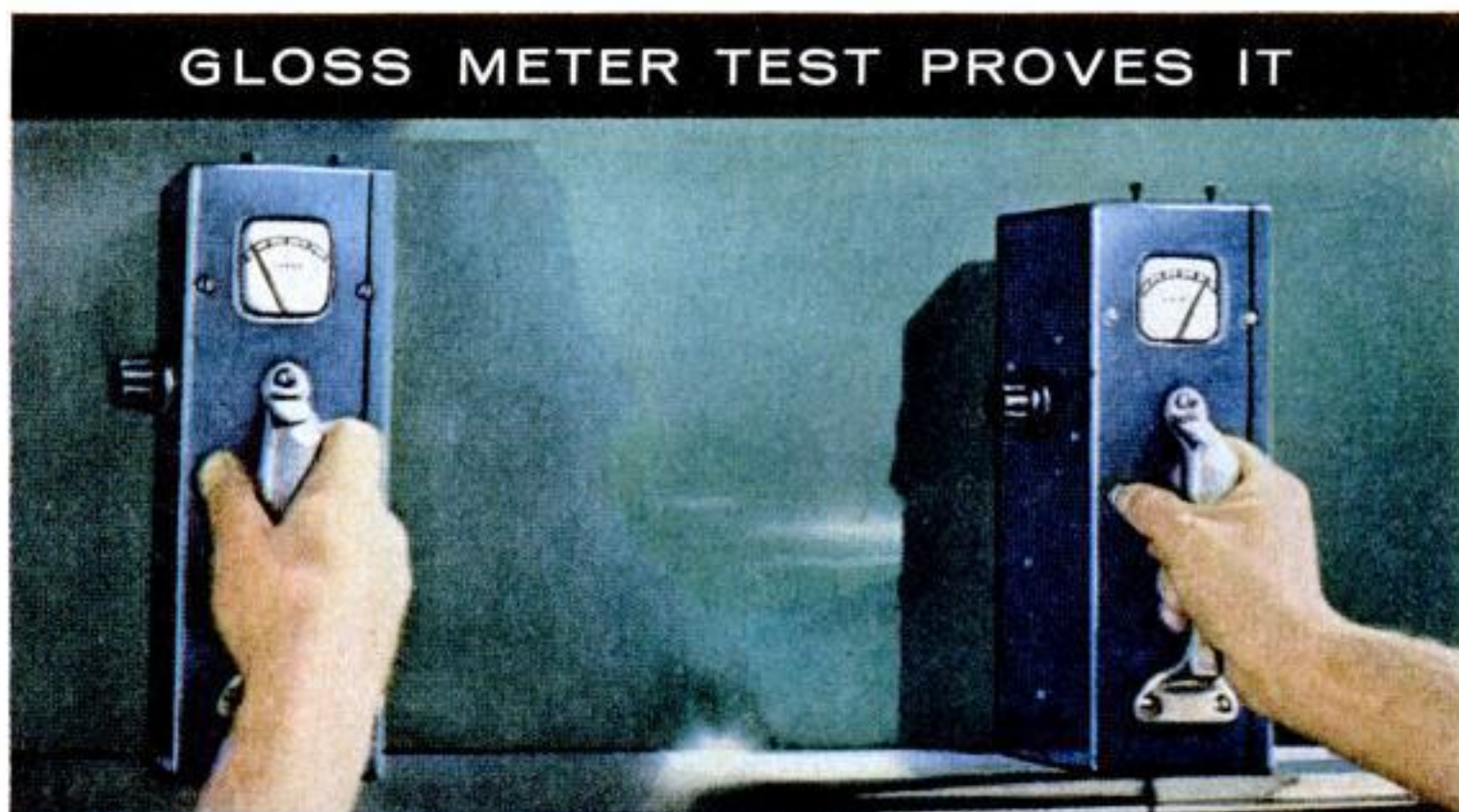
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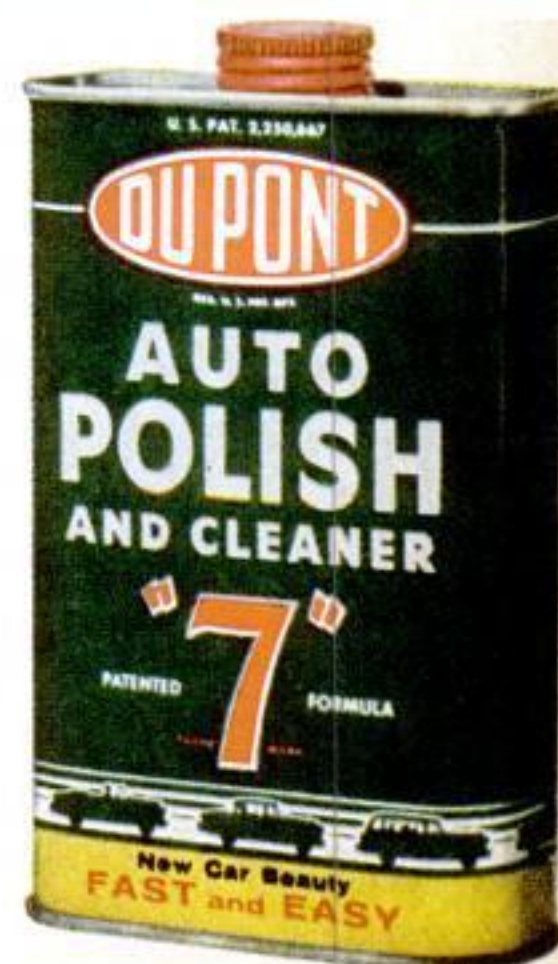


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After giving me a thorough examination, the doctor explained that my tiredness and nervousness was caused by a lack of important vitamins and minerals in my diet. This deficiency, he explained, caused men and women to feel run-down and irritable. To help correct my condition he recommended I add a good food supplement to my daily diet.

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Bowed Down by a Loss



Bowed like reverent pilgrims, a group of people waded through a French field, joined in a single fervent hope: that they would find a couple of golf balls. At stake was a close

match between Americans Tim Holland and Richard Nash (*sixth and ninth from right*) who had both driven into the rough at Deauville in the French Amateur Golf Tournament. The

searchers turned up both balls and Holland went on to win the match. But he went down in the finals after losing another ball almost in this very same spot and never finding it.



Left: #9179 Black Bowie Moc—also with hand-sewn fronts: #808 Black, #834 Brown. Above: #1364 Dirty Buk—new Off-White shade.

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LOURDES

Sirs:

"*Lourdes*" (LIFE, July 28) is an admirable, unbiased presentation. The excellent photography powerfully expressed both the meaning and spirit of the pilgrimage.

JUDY DaCOSTA
East Providence, R.I.

Sirs:

As a former pilgrim to Lourdes who for several years spent rather long periods there working with the sick as a "brancardier," I was delighted by the comprehensive and truthful coverage.

LADISLAS J. ENDRODY, S.J.
Miami Springs, Fla.

Sirs:

You say that pilgrims shortly find the cheapest place to buy Lourdes water. Lourdes water is not for sale, it is free—and in plentiful supply. You probably were referring to the purchase of bottles for the water which may be bought in the town by people who do not bring their own.

KEVIN J. BRENNAN
Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

Many thanks for your pictures of the pilgrimages, candles, pageantry, images and religious commercialism. The article is an open confession to the world that Catholicism is a carry-over of the idolatry which gripped the populations of Babylon and caused the downfall of that once proud and great world empire.

R. E. ORCHARD
Toledo, Ore.

VOLKSWAGEN, GO HOME

Sirs:

"Volkswagen, Go Home" (LIFE, July 28) is one of the most perceptive pieces of writing ever printed. Herbert Brean rates a high grade for this one.

RUDOLPH AUGUST
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Believe me, there is no greater label than the one that says "Made in America" and right now the public wants to see it on a good small car.

W. W. IRVINE
Tonawanda, N.Y.

Sirs:

For the past six months I have been driving a Volkswagen on the rough side roads of our Indian reservation

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and on prairie trails, in snow and in mud. With approximately 500 Indian boarders in our mission school, economy must be our constant concern. Here is a Volkswagen load of Sioux Indian children. The rather ample padre is myself.

LAWRENCE EDWARDS, S.J.
Holy Rosary Mission
Pine Ridge, S. Dak.



VW'S LOAD OF SIOUX

Sirs:

Your article makes every American who buys an imported car sound like an erring husband, comparing the buyer to Fibber McGee and his car to Brigitte Bardot. We never agreed to "love, honor and obey" Detroit.

NINA CARDER
Montrose, Calif.

Sirs:

The market for "small" cars in this country is not for miniature flyweight vehicles. Instead, it is for sturdier cars having the general characteristics as to size, power and design as the cars built about five years ago before the annual mad rush to make cars longer, wider and more powerful began.

RAYMOND H. SMITH
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sirs:

Why cannot Detroit be satisfied with the lion's share of all the car market and let the imports live a little too? After all, Europe has a right to eat.

EDWARD A. KOESTER JR.
Jacksonville, Fla.

Sirs:

More important than economy is actual involvement. The driver of the import can get close to his machinery and feel that he owns it rather than the other way around. While his Detroit-owning brothers need only one weak finger and a couple of toes on the right foot to operate their cars, the import-owner finds he must shift for himself. But in this way he is master of his machinery. He can get an actual feeling of accomplishment when he out-maneuvers eight-times-more-powerful giants in the stream of traffic or down-shifts his way from the peak of a grade that was a real challenge to climb. In short, he has fun.

BENJAMIN H. STEVENS
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

COLD WAR SHOWDOWN

Sirs:

Your Middle East coverage ("Cold War Moves to a Showdown," LIFE, July 28) neglected two vital points:

1) Our position would be infinitely stronger today had we not blindly, stupidly forced Britain, France and Israel out of Suez in 1956.

2) While we have bet heavily—and lost—on false friendships of Arab states, we have taken for granted and abused Israel, the West's staunchest friend in the Middle East.

DAVE GOODWIN
Miami, Fla.

CONTINUED

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this is the place for HELLMANN'S
(*it's real mayonnaise!*)

Cold, sliced ham sandwiches . . . neyer so good as with Hellmann's®, the mayonnaise so full-bodied and creamy, it keeps all sandwiches fresh-tasting longer. Use Hellmann's just as it comes from the jar . . . or in these tempting new variations.

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HAM 'N EGG SANDWICH: Combine 1 hard cooked egg, chopped—with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Hellmann's. It's the creamy-smooth mayonnaise America likes best.



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SCHICK

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See the Michael Todd Production of "Around the World in 80 Days" at your local theater.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

Sirs:

All those Middle East countries have a right to join together under Nasser, to become a strong bloc able to defend themselves. Their economic ties are with us and their greatest danger is Russia. Why don't we have sense enough to help Nasser and gain his goodwill, rather than a justified hate even stronger than his fear of Communist tyranny?

Let's have a summit talk with Nasser, and the other leaders of the United Arab Republic and the Baghdad Pact countries, not Khrushchev.

MRS. DAVID E. LANE

Miami, Fla.

Sirs:

The article by Nuri es Said, late premier of Iraq, should come under the heading of "must" reading for all thinking Americans.

Let's be honest about it, we have about as much interest in the Arab people as individuals as we have in the penguins of Antarctica. We, the British, the French and the Russians have just one interest in the Middle East. It means pretty much the same whether you spell it out with a dollar sign, a pound, a franc—or a ruble.

GORDON ST. THOMAS

Seattle, Wash.

Sirs:

Nuri es Said, for all his shrewdness as a politician and his political loyalty to the West, represented, more than any man except King Saud, the defense of the old order. To be sure, his government undertook modern programs of construction and agricultural improvement with receipts from Iraqi oil, but it attempted to do so within a feudal economic and social structure. No appreciable benefits accrued to the wretched masses.

The new Arab nationalism, whether or not it maintains its present Nasserist overtones, is surely the Middle Eastern wave of the future.

RICHARD K. CROSS

Oradell, N.J.

Sirs:

In the picture of the Russian mob in front of the American embassy, there is one American—probably the only American in the entire 100,000 people. He appears in the right-hand corner, bareheaded, just behind the right shoulder of the man in the white open-collar shirt.

This boy, Perrin Henderson, is son of a neighbor of mine. Touring Europe, he spent two weeks in Russia.

Just yesterday his father received a letter from him, telling about his first day in Moscow. He was in the vicinity of the American embassy taking pictures, when, as he put it, "all of a sudden, people began pouring from everywhere." He had no idea what was going on but he decided to "stick around to see what was up." He was horrified to see what they were doing to our embassy but was afraid to do anything but just stand there and look.

CHARLES CRUTCHFIELD

Charlotte, N.C.



HENDERSON IN MOSCOW

Sirs:

As an ex-soldier, I never thought I would be sticking up for the Marines. Your picture on the contents page of Photographer Burrows and the prone Marine plus the caption implying that Burrows endured the heat that wilted Marines was too much.

Burrows is dressed in light-weight clothing, carrying two cameras. Each Marine is toting 10-pound M1 rifle, 30-35 pound pack, ammunition, armor vest, helmet, boots, canteen, etc.

Thanks to Mr. Burrows for good pictures, anyway.

R. F. REILAND

Garland, Texas

FIVE VIEWS OF A MARRIAGE

Sirs:

Your story of a wedding ("Five Views of a Marriage," LIFE, July 28) was a delight. How good to see two such handsome youngsters preparing for marriage with a sense of both joyous adventure and responsibility.

FREDERICK FOX

Bethesda Congregational Church
Bethesda, Md.

Sirs:

Everyone publishes articles about brides, but no one is interested in her first few months of marriage. They are wonderfully happy, but it is a startling change. Last Monday as I was scrubbing floors it suddenly dawned on me that a month ago I was a fairy princess and the center of attention.

SUSAN SHIRA NILSEN

Granville, Ohio

DEBS GO TO VERSAILLES

Sirs:

Once in a lifetime someone in a small city like Hickory picks up LIFE and starts a chain reaction of excitement all over town. It happened yesterday when we discovered a picture of Margie Shuford in your coverage of the Versailles ball ("U.S. Debs Go to Versailles," LIFE, July 28).

Margie is a very well-known young lady in Hickory. Everyone took a special pride in seeing that Margie has really become famous overnight (even though they all noted that you had spelled Shuford with two "f's" instead of one). LIFE brings that sort of flurry to a small town—a wonderful feeling of pride and excitement.

LESLEY LYNN MOODY

Hickory, N.C.

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The **Surest** Protection
All Day Long!

**TOOTH DECAY
BAD BREATH**

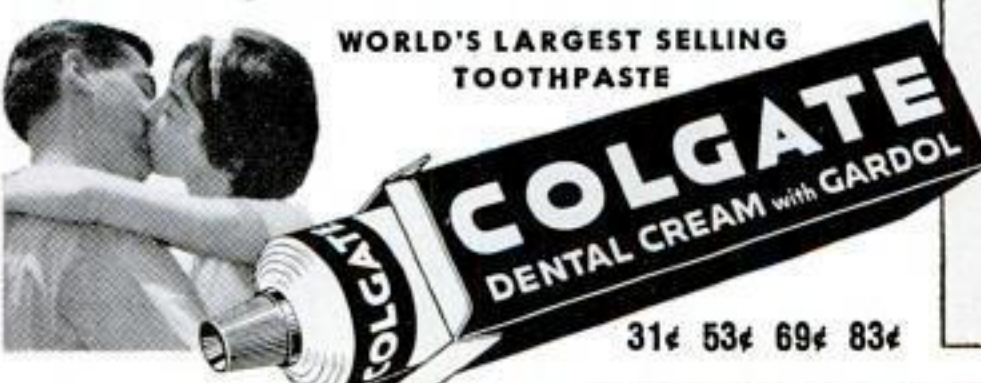
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BOTH DECAY AND BAD BREATH ALL DAY

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HOFFA'S NERVOUS HABIT of pursing lips, characteristic of him during moments of tension, was

evident at the Senate hearings when he testified he could not remember details of laundry pay-off.



MORTALLY BURNED, FRANK KIERDORF LIES IN

DARK AND

The show that Jimmy Hoffa put on at the Senate rackets hearing last week in Washington might have seemed funny—if it had not also been so frightening. The boss of the Teamsters' Union, betraying some occasional nervousness, put on a public air of innocence as he sat by in the hearing room and heard testimony about wrong-doing in his union. Asked about \$10,682 of miscellaneous income which he had received, Hoffa passed it off with the quaint explanation that he had won it on the races. But all the while evidence of dark and dirty deeds in the union kept piling up.

Into a Pontiac hospital staggered one of Hoffa's employees, an ex-convict named Frank Kierdorf whom Jimmy himself had made a



AGONY IN PONTIAC, MICH. HOSPITAL. HE HAD SECOND OR THIRD DEGREE BURNS ON 85% OF HIS BODY. DOCTORS COULD DO NOTHING BUT ALLAY HIS PAIN

STRANGE DOINGS IN TEAMSTERS

Teamster business agent in 1950. Kierdorf was burned to a crisp almost from head to toe. Two men, he mumbled, had set him afire. At first it was believed he was the victim of Teamster terrorism. Then officials concluded Kierdorf, who perhaps practiced arson as a shakedown weapon, had set himself afire trying to burn down a dry-cleaning establishment. Meanwhile Kierdorf's uncle, once a Teamster business agent, had disappeared, leaving strong suspicion that he was in on the arson.

Hoffa denied any connection with the Kierdorf case, but he had trouble explaining away his union's laundry shakedown. Detroit laundry owners testified that they had paid \$17,500 to a buddy of Hoffa's to call off a drivers'

strike. Jimmy said that he got none of the money. Then an ex-boxer from Detroit said Hoffa's union had paid him \$8,000 to do nothing. Hoffa had previously testified the boxer got no union funds—and this contradiction laid him open to a charge of perjury.

Jimmy, who controls the union that in turn controls a major part of the country's transportation system, faces even tougher going. His boastful promises to clean up the Teamsters are belied by the Kierdorf incident, the laundry shakedown revelations and the flock of jailbirds and hoodlums with police records which still infests his union—as the U.S. Senate investigators are preparing to prove with the awesome array shown on the next pages.



UNCLE OF VICTIM, HERMAN KIERDORF, VISITED HOSPITAL, THEN VANISHED →

ROGUES AROUND HOFFA, ALL WITH POLICE RECORDS . . .



ALFRED REGER, secretary-treasurer of New York Teamsters Local 522, was found guilty of extortion in 1957 after a shakedown of lumber firms.



JOSEPH GLIMCO, president of Chicago Local 777, has been arrested for disorderly conduct and for suspicion of murder, was convicted of larceny.



JOHN O'ROURKE, secretary-treasurer of New York Local 282 and the president of Joint Teamster Council 16, was wounded in 1936 shooting.



SAM GOLDSTEIN, the president of New York Local 239, has been convicted for unlawful entry and gambling and sentenced for conspiracy.



GLENN SMITH, president of Chattanooga, Tenn. Local 515 has been arrested four times, got out on parole after term for burglary and larceny.



LOUIS "BABE" TRISCARO is president of Cleveland Local 436. In the 1930s he was arrested for assault and battery but got off by paying fines.



FRANK MATULA, secretary-treasurer of Los Angeles Local 396 and boss of garbage collectors, was convicted on a charge of perjury in 1957.



JOHN McNAMARA, secretary-treasurer of New York Locals 295 and 808, was convicted of extortion in 1957 with Johnny Dio, has since appealed.



TONY "DUCKS" CORALLO is vice president of New York Local 239, has been arrested twice in narcotics cases, once on grand larceny charge.



BERNARD ADELSTEIN, secretary-treasurer of New York Local 813, has been picked up on suspicion of grand larceny and questioned about slaying.



DONALD VESTAL, the president of Nashville Local 327, has been arrested and convicted on assault charge. He faces jail for contempt of court.



WILLIAM PRESSER, president of Cleveland Local 410, paid fine for violation of Sherman act, had interest with Hoffa in vending machine deals.



FRANK FITZSIMMONS, official of Michigan Teamster Council and vice president of state federation of labor, has a police record of three arrests.



WILLIAM HOFFA, Jimmy's brother, is business agent for Detroit Local 614. He has been arrested 18 times, convicted seven, twice for assault.



FLOYD HAYES, secretary-treasurer of Kansas City Teamster Local 41, has been arrested five times and convicted three times, once for larceny.

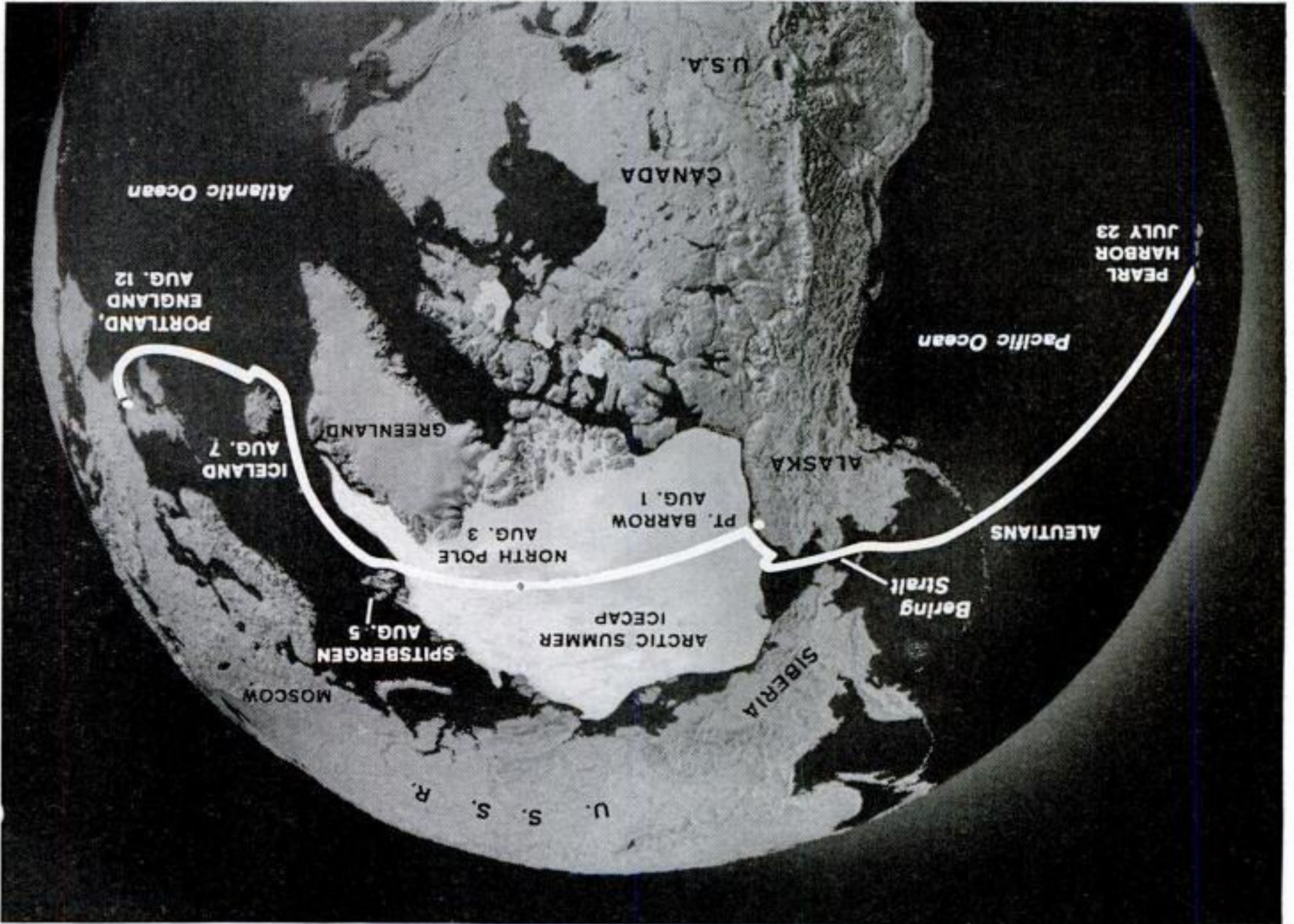


SAMUEL FELDMAN is a business agent for Philadelphia Local 929. He was arrested last month for trying to sell \$400,000 worth of stolen bonds.

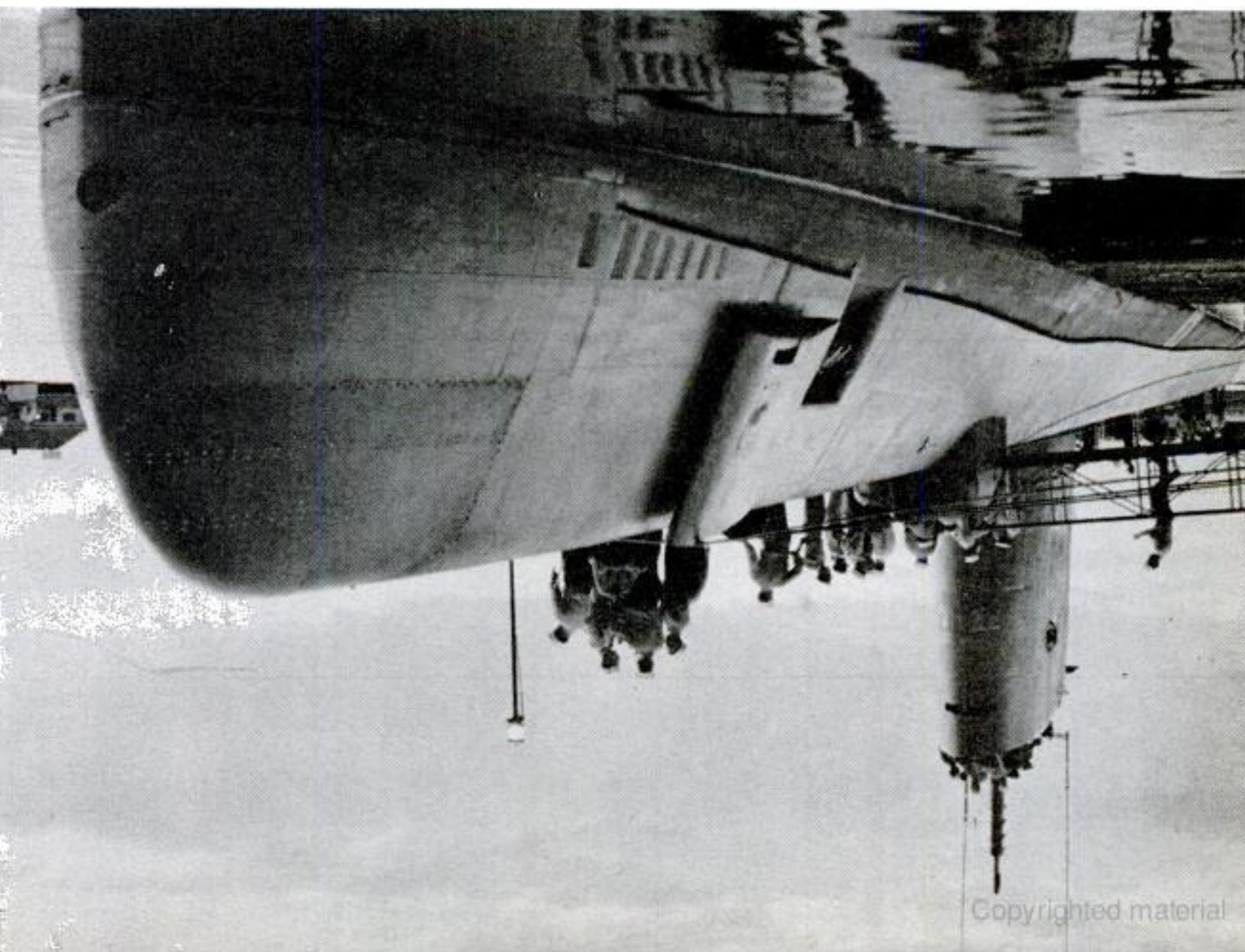
CREW OF SUB listens to briefing on *Nautilus*' mission by Skipper Anderson in crew's mess. The crew ate special cake to celebrate passing under the North Pole.



ROUTE OF "NAUTILUS" began at Hawaii, dipped under the great white icecap at Point Barrow, Sub surfaced off Spitsbergen, then went on to Portland, England to complete 21-day trip totaling 9,000 miles.



BOARDING SUB for historic voyage, the crew of the *Nautilus* embarks at Pearl Harbor. Crew did not know destination of the submarine until it was under way.



A POLAR EPIC

'Nautilus' pioneers a new route

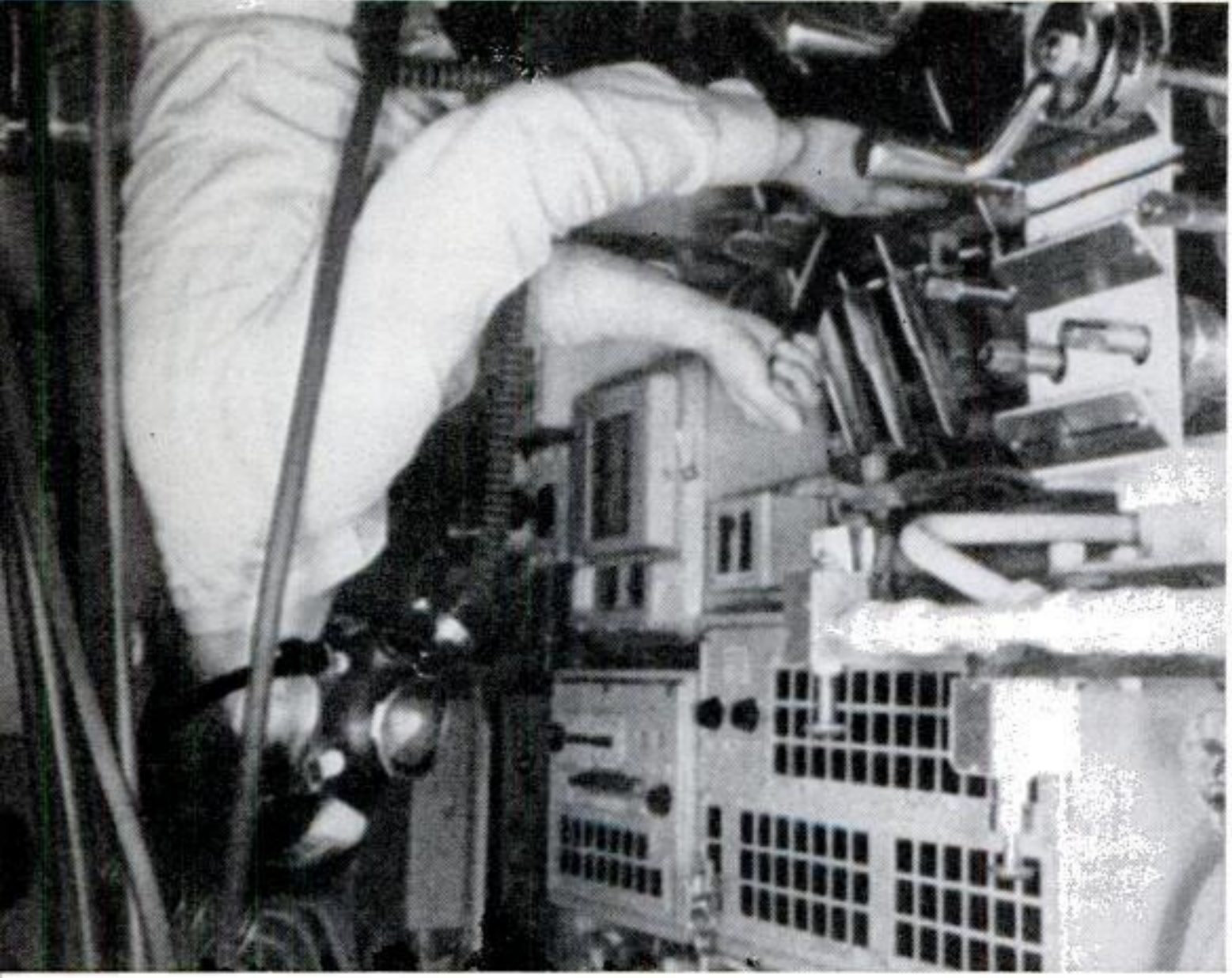
FATHER OF "NAUTILUS," Admiral Hyman Rickover inspects sub before voyage. Rickover was not invited to White House, but Anderson visited him later.

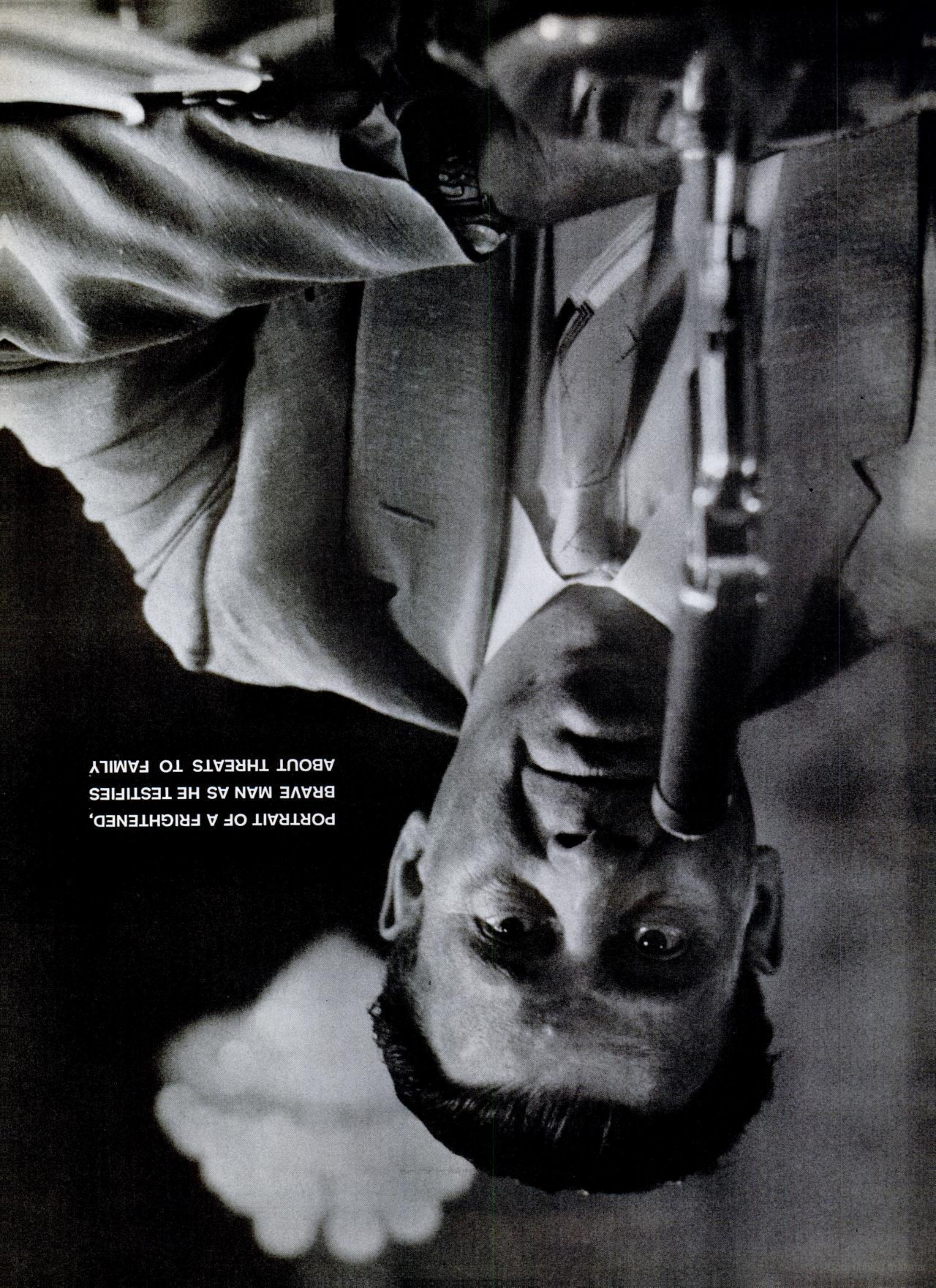


Above the surface the world was embroiled in one clamorous crisis after the other. But in the silent world beneath the frigid ice-capped waters of the Arctic Ocean a band of 115 submariners and their intrepid captain quietly were making history.

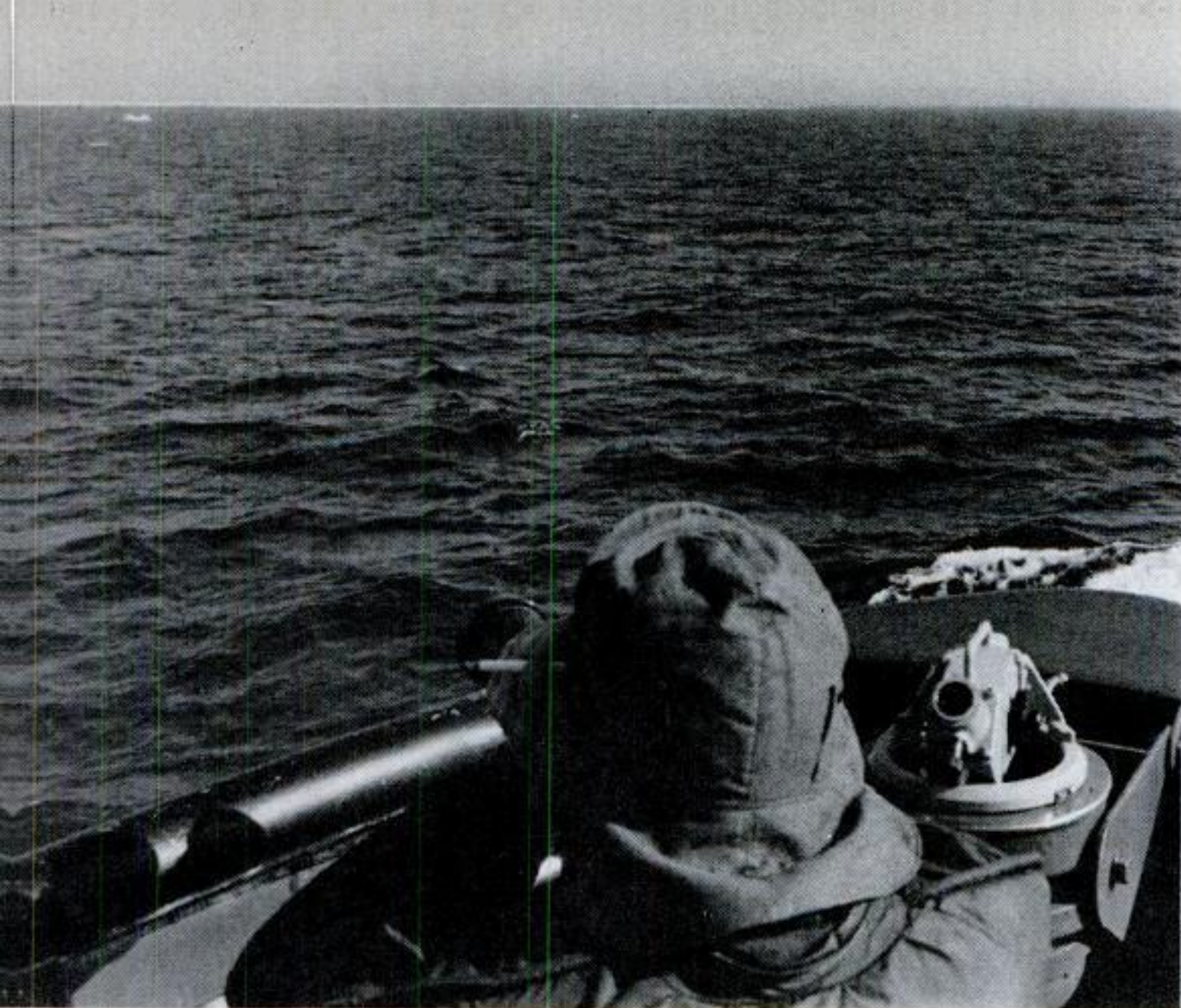
Off Point Barrow the submariners of U.S.S. *Nautilus*, first atomic submarine in the world, studied the vast icecap that locks the Arctic the year round. They made a dive under the crust into the Barrow Sea Valley, probed their way through a deep channel that led them into the huge expanse of the Arctic Basin thousands of feet above massive peaks. Cruising at about 20 knots, the *Nautilus* held its changes of depth and speed to a minimum to avoid navigational confusion under the ice. With its new inertial guidance system, the sub kept an exact track of its position without the help of the stars or surface reference aids. As the ice

REGULATING SUB'S DEPTH below icecap, hydraulic manifold operator controls amount of water taken on by vessel. Oxygen mask is worn to "sweeten air."





PORTRAIT OF A FRIGHTENED,
BRAVE MAN AS HE TESTIFIES
ABOUT THREATS TO FAMILY



LOOKOUT FOR ICE is kept by crewman on conning tower as sub searches ocean off Point Barrow for spot deep enough to submerge and cruise safely under ice.



WATCHING MOVIE, crew relaxes while the sub is under the icecap. Movie is Katharine Hepburn in *Desk Set*. A total of 38 movies was shown on the voyage.

UNDER THE ICE

below cap covering frozen Arctic

slid by overhead the sub made its way past the North Pole, later turned south and came up in the fresh daylight open sea off Spitsbergen. The *Nautilus* had completed mankind's first voyage from the Pacific to the Atlantic by way of the North Pole, a route that cuts 4,900 miles off the long haul from Tokyo to London. Near Iceland the sub's skipper, Commander William Anderson, was taken from the *Nautilus* by a helicopter and flown to Washington for a ceremony at the White House. President Eisenhower awarded him the Legion of Merit, his crew the first peacetime unit citation.

Fewer rewards have been more merited. The route these men discovered opened up for the submarine a startling military use. With the ice as a shield, with holes in it serving as muzzle barrels, the submarine, armed with guided missiles, could suddenly surface and fire, then submerge and hide under a ceiling of ice.



READING FATHOMETER, operator checks instrument that measures distance between sub and ice.



DESCRIBES VOYAGE TO REPORTERS AT WHITE HOUSE →

A FADED SUMMIT, SPOTLIGHTED U.N.

**Good U.S. tactics, an odd assist by Mao
push Russia into Assembly, then debate**

The long-debated summit meeting on the Middle East was suddenly off and in its place an emergency session of the U.N. General Assembly was convened in New York. The switch was called for by Khrushchev but followed an effective series of U.S. diplomatic moves. When Khrushchev had first proposed a rush summit talk, the U.S. had insisted on holding it within the U.N. Security Council framework. Khrushchev had tried to tamper with that formula but the U.S. had stood its ground. Moving decisively in its exchanges with the U.S.S.R., Washington managed to make summit look less profitable for Russian propaganda. Now at the General Assembly the U.S. had a chance to capitalize on its tactics by laying a solid plan for a Middle East settlement before world opinion—and possibly getting the Assembly to take some action.

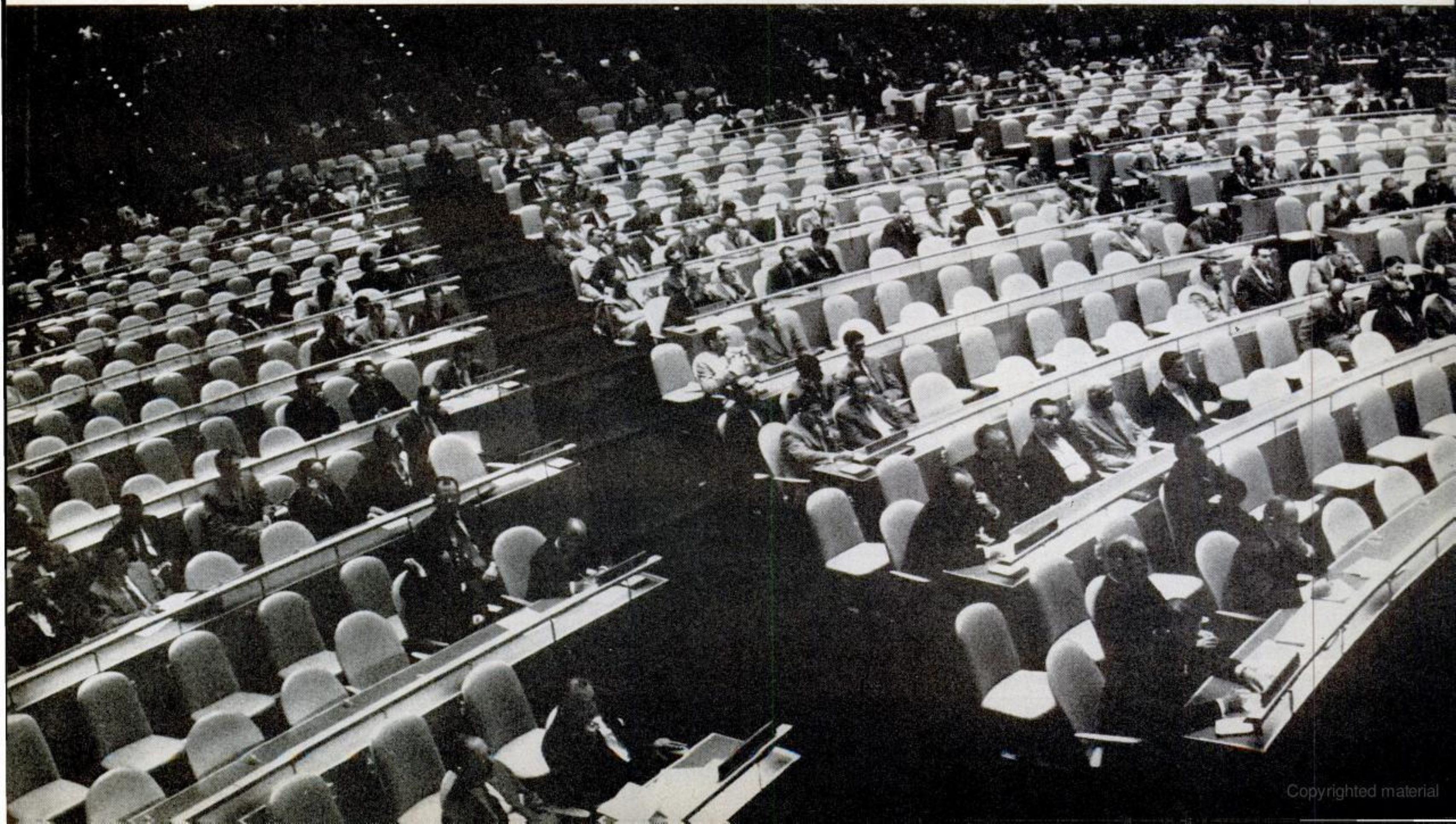
In the change from summit to U.N., the U.S. got an odd assist—and Khrushchev apparently suffered a personal setback. The evidence indicated that Khrushchev's final decision against summit was made in a secret four-day meeting in Peking, because Mao Tse-tung did not want Nationalist China, which sits on the Security Council, to take part. More important, in a development predicted in *LIFE* (July 7) by Soviet affairs expert Edward Crankshaw, Mao achieved nearly equal status with Khrushchev.

As the General Assembly swung into its Middle East debate, Nasser pressed his ambitions in the area. A main objective was the extension of his influence through the new revolutionary government of Iraq (*following pages*).



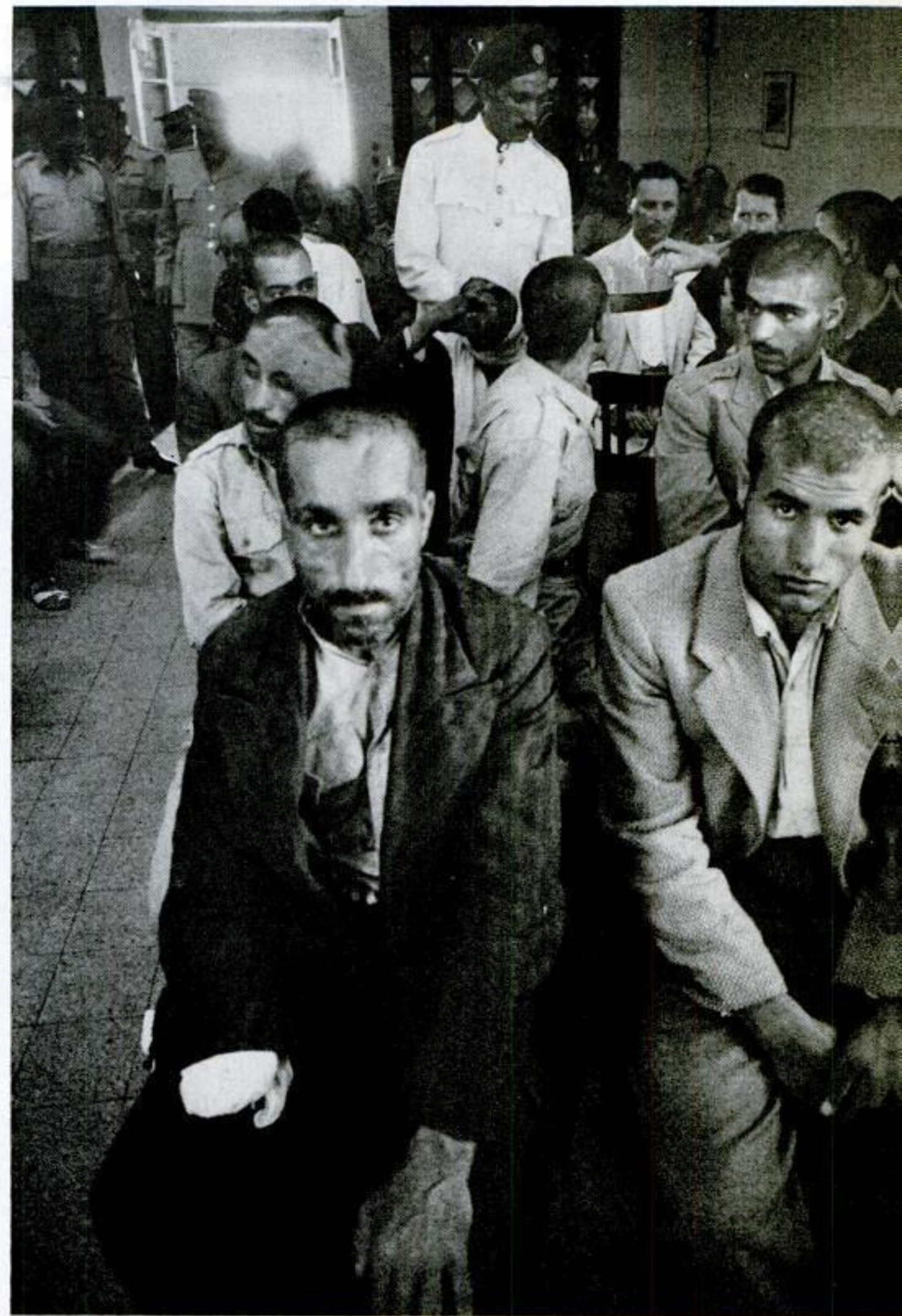
SMILING ASSURANCE THAT ALL IS WELL BETWEEN THEM, MAO TSE-TUNG AND KHRUSHCHEV,

AT OPENING MEETING OF U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY EMERGENCY SESSION, WHICH WAS LIGHTLY ATTENDED BECAUSE IT WAS ONLY A PROCEDURAL FORMALITY,



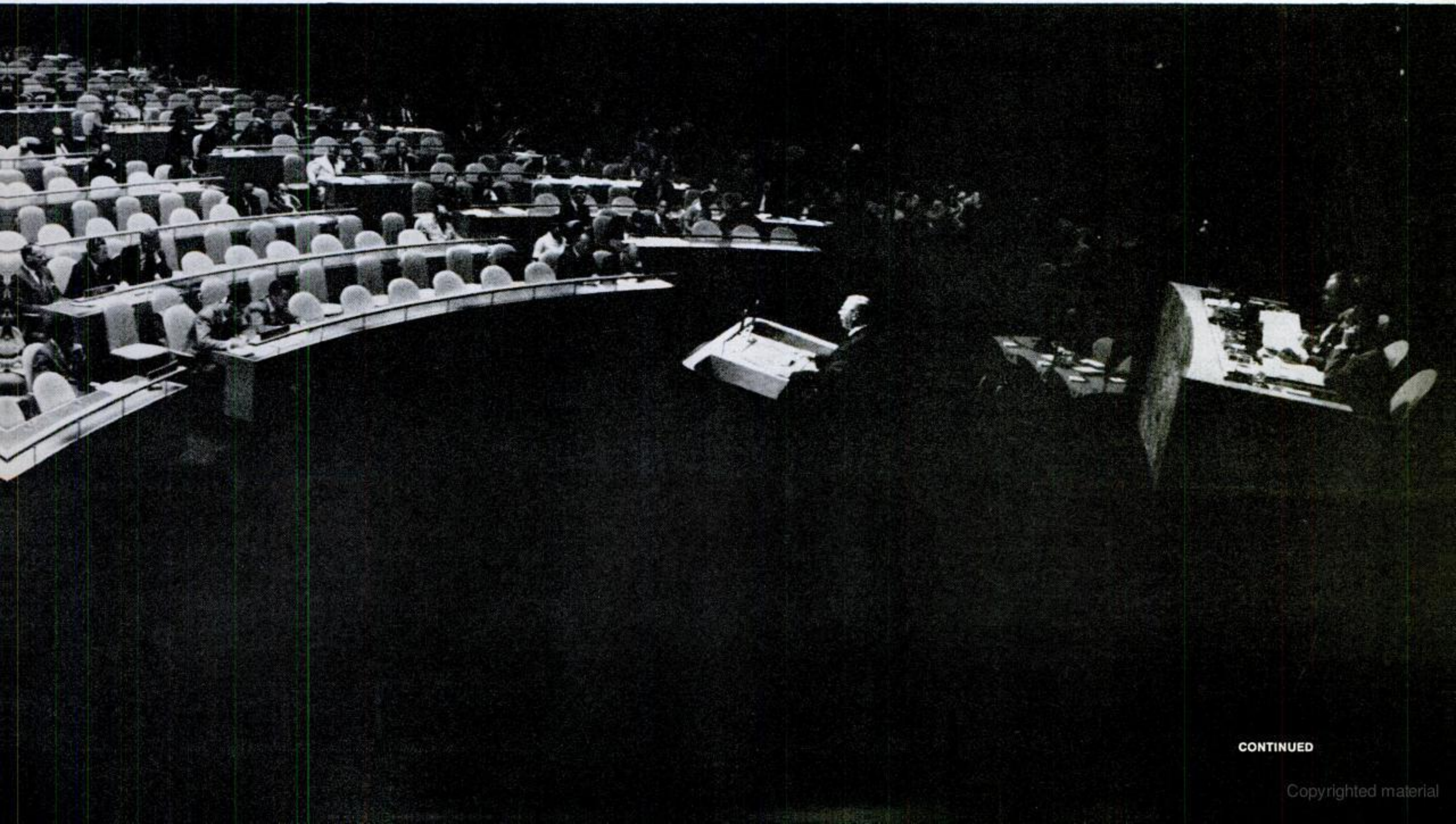


FAN IN HAND, WIND UP PEKING TALKS THAT LED TO THE RUSSIAN REJECTION OF SUMMIT



INFILTRATORS INTO JORDAN, charged with running arms in from Syria, await court-martial near Amman. Nasser's U.A.R., of which Syria is part, denies infiltration but LIFE Photographer John Sadovy saw man at left front captured coming over border.

SOVIET DELEGATE ARKADY SOBOLEV AT ROSTRUM (RIGHT) SEIZES ON THE OPPORTUNITY ONCE AGAIN TO DEMAND U.S., BRITISH WITHDRAWAL FROM MIDEAST



CONTINUED

FIRST FULL STORY OF A COUP THAT SET OFF

Popular new leaders are nationalist and moderate but they must deal with an immoderate Nasser

Since 1946 Keith Wheeler has specialized in the Middle East, spending three years there as a TIME-LIFE correspondent. His two-part article, "The Arab World" (LIFE, April 1, 8, 1957), was the winner of this year's Benjamin Franklin Magazine Award for the most distinguished reporting on the international scene.

BAGHDAD

AT 4:30 p.m. on July 15, in the blast-furnace heat of midsummer Iraq, a deaf, purse-eyed, flaccid, enormously shrewd old man, outfoxed at last, came to bay in a nameless street and was dismembered by a mob.

At once the street got a name. Glorifying in murder, exultant Baghdadi called it Hurriyeh (Liberty) Street. At one savage stroke the world's political shape had been radically altered and the West had lost its most powerful and indomitable friend in the Middle East.

Only one week later in New York, Dr. Hashim Jawad, the Iraqi revolutionary regime's envoy to the U.N. Security Council, assured me that the murder of Nuri es Said Pasha, who had been prime minister 17 times, had been beneficial surgery. Out of this act, Jawad declared, would come social, political and economic justice for Iraq's oppressed people. He urged me to go to Iraq and see for myself, promising that anyone I wanted to see would be available. Two days later the invitation was confirmed from Baghdad and I was on my way.

Here, amid the urgent pressures of a regime striving to get in motion, I have been received by more than half the members of the new government, including its instigator and hero, Brigadier General Abdul Karim Kassem.

As yet these men can only be measured by their stated intentions. Except for a brief provisional constitution which includes a call for land reform, performance still lies before them. The only concrete deed on their record is the savage one in which they brought down their king and Nuri es Said, who in his 37 years as the gray eminence of Iraqi politics had smashed or outwitted at least five previous uprisings. Only now are the details of the present coup becoming clear.

The revolution took place on the night of July 13-14, thanks to a military coincidence ironically arranged by the man who became its victim. On that night two Iraqi army units, the 19th and 20th Brigades of the 3rd Division, were in Baghdad on Nuri's orders. Contrary to their usual state, they had ammunition—again on Nuri's orders. Ordinarily Nuri prudently kept his troops separated from this possible tool of revolution, but on this night he was sending the brigades across the desert to help Jordan's King Hussein. The commander of the 19th Brigade was General Abdul Karim Kassem. The commander of the 20th was Colonel Abdul Salam Mohammed Aref.

Slender, nervous, hollow-chested, somehow ingratiating, General Kassem told me that he had been awaiting that coincidence—a military force, armed and in Baghdad—for 24 of his 44 years. He had been plotting revolution ever since his graduation from the Iraqi military academy. His comrade was stocky, volatile Colonel Aref, now 38, who had been Kassem's pupil in the Iraqi military academy and had absorbed



MASTER PLOTTERS, Colonel Abdul Salam Mohammed Aref (left) and Brigadier General Karim

Kassem, show joy and stern confidence. Planning of revolt was entirely the work of these two men.

revolution with the manual of arms. Kassem proudly calls Aref "my son, my pupil, my friend, my brother."

Knowing that Nuri had set up an internal espionage system so pervasive that "when any three men talk together, one will tell Nuri what was said," Kassem had conducted his own intrigue with extreme caution. He had a plan but only Aref was permitted to know its details. Both he and Aref had talked revolution among their fellow officers, but they never talked with more than one or two others at a time and none of their growing group of adherents ever knew more than a part of it. Only a few trusted and carefully investigated civilians had more than a hint that a coup was being planned.

"Until two days before it began," Kassem told me, "only three knew when we would strike." The other two? "Aref—and God."

"As we got closer to zero hour," Kassem said, "some others had to know. There were not many. If the number had exceeded 10, the secret would have been lost. The greatest danger came when the selection of zero hour had to be made known. That meant that certain people had to be gathered in one place. That was the point of no return."

Today, in his triumph, the long habit of secrecy still holds Kassem fast. He will not say exactly when he came to the point of no return. The word went all the way down to the

enlisted man level sometime in the early darkness of the 14th.

By 3:30 a.m. the rebel army was through Baghdad and in possession of the airport, evidently without firing a shot. The railway, the radio station and the Defense Ministry were seized with similar ease.

Meanwhile units were dispatched into the open country two miles south of the airport to surround the Palace of Spaciousness, where King Faisal was living with Crown Prince Abdul Illah. Another unit sped into the city and along the riverside boulevard, sweeping in on Nuri es Said's yellow brick home.

"I did not want to use force," Kassem says. "We were compelled to use it." This disclaimer carries a curious and somehow shocking overtone for, of all the rebellion's targets, including defended military objectives, the only places where military force was actually used were these two residences.

Machine-gun fire and bursts from light artillery raked and ripped at the street face of Nuri's home and made a sad, expensive ruin of a blue Cadillac in the open garage. But when the "compulsion" to use force was finished and the attackers got inside, Nuri was gone. One story is that in the last convulsion of his failing intelligence system he was tipped off and fled through the gardens of palm and rose, down a stairway and across the Tigris in a boat. Nobody who knows is saying where he spent what remained of his last night on earth.



© 1958 SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

FASHIONS AT SEARS!

D. Here's the chemise in washable thick 'n' thin ribbed corduroy! Back buttoned. Red, Dutch blue, camel, black or rust. 7-14 **3.98** Honeylane sissy shirt in sanforized white cotton broadcloth has embroidered collar, lace-trimmed sleeves. 7-14 **1.98** Beret **1.98** Biltwel rhinestone-trimmed T-strap shoes. Black or red leather, black patent. **4.98**

New Biltwel hook-up oxford with flexible ribbed crepe soles and heels. In sueded leather. Gray, black or vicuna. **3.98**



E. Kerrybrooke separates in crease-resistant Permathol® Everglaze® cotton knit are washable, need little or no ironing. Scarlet red or vibrant blue with black argyle plaid. Rib-effect chemise top has blouse-y back, hip-hugging waistband. S. M. L. **3.98** Lined skirt zips closed. **4.98** Kerrybrooke tapered-toe T-strap flat. Red or black, **3.98**

New Kerrybrooke medium heel makes news with a low-instep T-Strap and a tapered toe. Basque red, black, or black suede. **4.98**



F. Ivy styled Fashion Tailored 100% wool slacks. Medium gray, charcoal gray, or brown with subdued black stripes. Waist sizes 28-36 **8.98** Madder toned cotton foulard shirt. **2.98** All wool bell sleeve cardigan in Oxford or charcoal gray or oatmeal with two-color border. S. M. L. **7.98** Sleeveless **4.98** Square-toe Gold Bond slip-on. **8.98**

These Gold Bond "dirty bucks" with long wearing rubber soles are ready to take lots of punishment. Also in white buck. **8.98**



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takes the smoke out of frying!



SOLID SHORTENINGS SMOKE BECAUSE they contain an emulsifier. This additive is good for baking, but smokes at frying heat. Shortening that smokes is breaking down, and that can hardly be good for you.

WESSON OIL DOES NOT SMOKE BECAUSE it is vegetable oil in its purest form—nothing added. So clear and delicate, you never taste it. No other oil as fresh, as pure and as light—or more highly rated for good nutrition.



Smoke's out! Flavor's in!

Enjoy cleaner frying with no clinging odor

Brighter flavor in foods—no greasy film even after they've cooled

Thrifty, too—you can use Wesson again and again

For good nutrition—Wesson is America's most readily available source of pure vegetable oil—unsaturated and unhydrogenated.

New idea— Wesson Spiced Chicken

Coat chicken legs or other pieces with seasoned flour, brown in Wesson Oil. Remove chicken just long enough to pour off oil. Keep in the browned bits. Mix 1 teaspoon each basil, salt and nutmeg or mace, 1 clove minced garlic, 2 tablespoons each brown sugar and vinegar, 1 cup orange juice and 1½ cups sliced canned or frozen peaches. Pour over chicken. Cover, simmer 20 minutes. Serve over rice or noodles.



FREE BOOKLET "FACTS AND THEORIES ABOUT FATS AND OILS IN THE DIET". Write Wesson Oil People, Box 106, New Orleans, Louisiana.



SETTING STIFF PACE AFTER THE FIRST LAP, ALBERT THOMAS (38) LEADS MERV LINCOLN, WITH HERB ELLIOTT FOURTH. FIRST QUARTER WAS RUN IN 56 SECONDS



TAKING CHARGE AS THE MILERS GO INTO THE FINAL LAP, ELLIOTT (11) DRIVES PAST LINCOLN ON INSIDE. THOMAS IS THIRD, HALBERG FOURTH AND DELANY FIFTH



FOUR WORLD RECORD BREAKERS—ELLIOTT, WHO COVERED THE LAST QUARTER IN 55.5 SECONDS, STRIDES IN EASILY AHEAD OF LINCOLN, DELANY AND HALBERG

FOUR MILERS BEAT RECORD

It was an unbelievable race. As the milers whirled around the new clay track in Dublin, Ireland, they stayed in a tight pack and kept up a sprinter's swift pace. When they had finished, four of them had broken the world mile record. The winner, Australia's amazing Herb Elliott, was timed in 3:54.5. Three others—Merv Lincoln of Australia, Ron Delany of Ireland, Murray Halberg of New Zealand—also

cracked the listed record of 3:58. And fifth-place Albert Thomas finished the mile under four minutes.

It was Elliott's fifth under-four-minute mile since his effortless running and zany training habits (LIFE, July 7) went on display outside Australia last spring. At Dublin the fast new track and the hot early pace pulled him to his record—and the other milers with him.

**Nudity Bares Cleavage of Opinion
On Vegas Strip: G-Strings or Minks?**

'Shocking New Low'

**Bishop Dwyer Pastoral Letter
Censures 'Immorality' on Strip**



AT THE DUNES MINSKY DISPLAYS GIRLS IN THE FULL REVEALING STYLE OF PARIS NIGHTCLUBS. HEADLINES ARE FROM "VARIETY" AND THE LAS VEGAS "SUN"

FUSS OVER TOO FEW FEATHERS

On the outskirts of Las Vegas last week, along a stretch of road called The Strip, which is the city's nightclub center, there arose a resounding fuss over the extent of show-girl nudity that is both decent and lucrative to display. The Strip is lined on both east and west by nightclubs, and each side has taken opposite views in the controversy. Three nightclubs of the west, led on by burlesque king Harold Minsky whose nude shows have been a success for a year, announced that they would dress their girls "in hat and shoes" and display the figure

in the full majesty of a plush Parisian show.

The east-siders who had big money in stars and fully costumed girl shows launched a campaign against west-side indecency. "Nudity is bad publicity," said one, presenting his girls (below) in demure costumes. They were reinforced unwittingly by the bishop of Reno, who banned the nude shows to all Catholics in Nevada. An old hand, fan dancer Sally Rand, put the fuss in a historic perspective of sorts. Said Miss Rand: "I think this trend away from the Victorian attitude is very healthy."



DEFENDING MODESTY, chorus line in the east-side Sands club wear conservative cocktail dresses.

SPOOFING STRIPPERS, Actress Carol Channing → does east-side take-off on girl whose zipper sticks.



. . . AND ONE HEAVILY LOADED LOCAL IN PHILADELPHIA

It had long been known that there were criminals and hoodlums in Teamster leadership. Jimmy Hoffa has boasted that he himself has a police record, "maybe as long as your arm." But until the current Senate hearings began, few realized how many Teamster executives are convicted criminals or men with records of police arrest. There are over five dozen (16 of whom are on opposite page), who have been tried for crimes up to and including murder. "Mr. Hoffa," cried Committee Chairman John McClellan, "has aligned himself with certain underworld characters who are a part and parcel of the . . . most sinister forces in this country."

The most widely infested city in the Teamster empire is Philadelphia, where the union brass includes at least 35 men with police records. Local 107 alone has 19 such characters, 12 of whom are shown in mug shots on this page. The local has a history of truck burnings and sabotage. Members who did not agree with the union have been beaten. But Jimmy Hoffa apparently finds the hoodlums useful for their muscle and gangland connections. A committee investigator who has made a study of Hoffa's methods says of him, "Jimmy has to have guys like that around him. He likes to think he's a tough fellow. It makes him feel tough."



INSIDE HEADQUARTERS of Philadelphia Teamster Local 107, rank-and-file members line up to pay their dues. The local has a total membership of 14,000.



RAYMOND COHEN, the secretary-treasurer of Philadelphia Local 107, has been arrested three times, got 1932 sentence for running a lottery.



MICHAEL SOBOLEWSKI, organizer, has been arrested eight times and sentenced twice for larceny. Last arrest in 1957 was for breach of peace.



CHARLES AMOROSO, organizer, has record of seven arrests, one for assault and battery on policeman. He got off after paying peace bond.



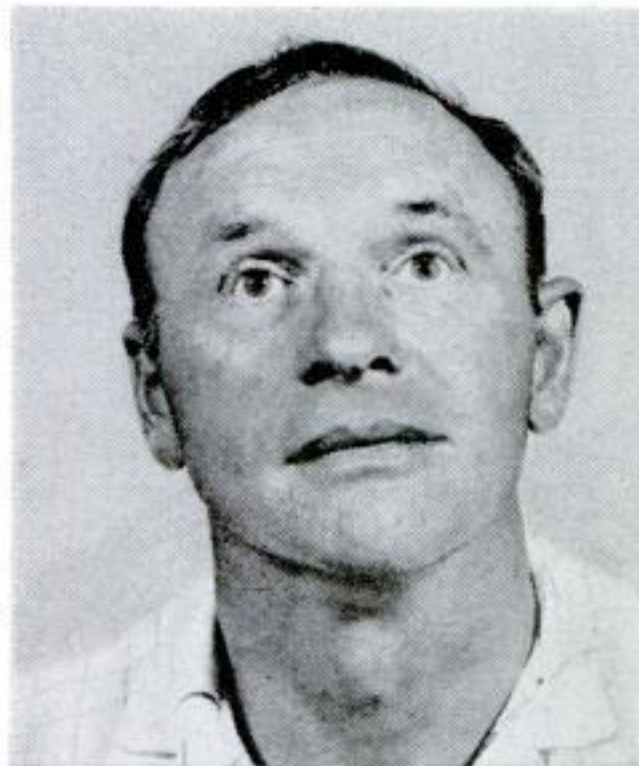
ARTHUR BROWN, organizer, is now out on bail on charge of breaking and entering and malicious mischief. In 1955 he was picked up for assault.



PETER LUSCKO, truck dispatcher, was given a 5 to 10-year penitentiary term for larceny and attempting to kill a Philadelphia patrolman.



NICHOLAS FRANK, organizer, paid 1945 fine in connection with black-market deal, has also been charged with aggravated assault and battery.



JOHN ZUROICH, organizer, served a three-year term in reform school for larceny, served a year in prison for aggravated assault and battery.



JOHN MYHASUK, organizer, served two years for assault and battery, was paroled after another two-year sentence for assault with intent to kill.



EDWARD WALKER, local business agent, has been charged eight times. Charges include robbery, attempted larceny and receiving stolen goods.



LOUIS BATTLE, organizer, has been arrested three times for assault and battery. Convicted once, he served a three-month term in county jail.



HARRY LINDSAY, organizer, was arrested twice in 1946 for stealing autos. Second offense included charge of assault and battery with an auto.



JOSEPH CENDROWSKI, alias Joseph Cinders and Joseph Carson, an organizer, has served sentences for larceny, burglary, disorderly conduct.



RE-ENACTING ARSON, which Kierdorf was attempting when he was burned, Detroit Inspector

Albert Langtry shows how Kierdorf may have used soaked newspapers as fuse leading to gasoline can.

THE TEAMSTERS CONTINUED



KIERDORF'S WIFE Jessie waits in lobby of Pontiac hospital for a chance to see her dying husband.

TRAIL OF TERROR MARKED BY TEARS

Those who operate in the Teamsters' domain are seldom unaware of fear. The mysterious circumstances of Frank Kierdorf's death in Michigan and the terrified testimony of a former Teamster in Washington added some grim evidence. Kierdorf was recalled by a furniture dealer in Flint as a man who "had no conscience." He told of thugs who jumped out of Kierdorf's Cadillac during a 1956 shakedown, beat up one of the dealer's drivers with an iron pipe, then rushed away.

The former Teamster was Arthur Morgan of Minneapolis who left Hoffa's ranks last year to form an independent union. Since then, he said, he had been harassed and threatened. His wife gets phone calls that ask, "Did your children get home from school? Maybe you won't be so lucky tomorrow." When Senator McClellan congratulated him for his courage, Morgan (*opposite page*) nervously broke into tears.



RESULTS OF ARSON, the burned remains of dry-cleaning store, are inspected by Maxine Saumiar.

LIGHT and
MILD as a cigarette
MELOW and satisfying as a cigar
The BEST of both rolled into one

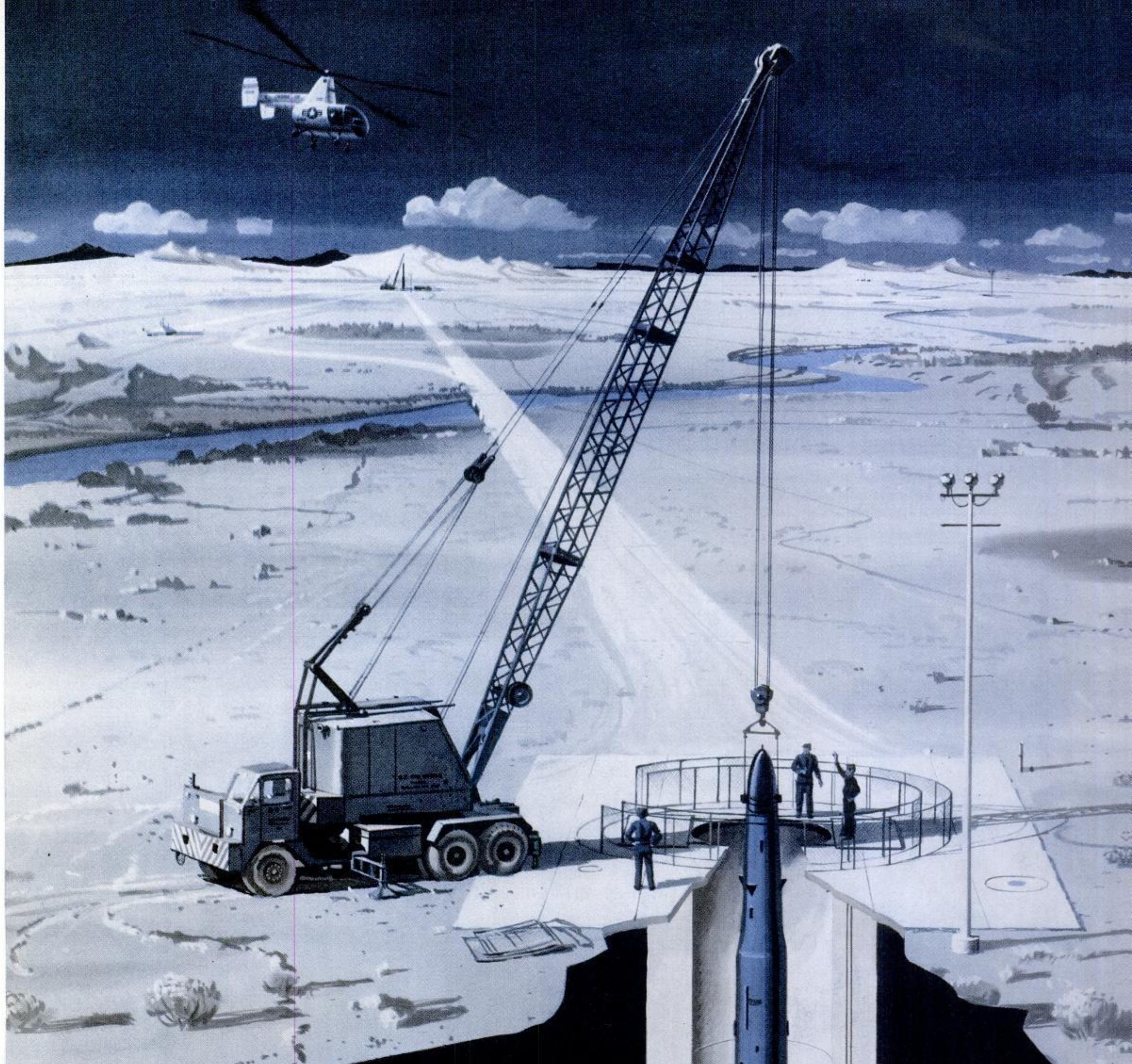
Robt. Burns *Cigarillos*

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A MINUTEMAN IN MODERN DRESS

Mighty new missile revolutionizes U.S. armament

This ballistic missile being lowered into the concrete hiding place from which it would be fired is the basis of a fabulous arms system which will revolutionize U.S. military defense. Designed for an Air Force project known as Minuteman, the long-range missile is one of thousands which will be buried in widely scattered parts of the U.S., ready to be launched at a moment's notice. Minuteman, which will be ready for use about 1962, makes use of a relatively new kind of propellant known as solid fuel (*next page*). Solid fuels do not involve the complex valves and time-consuming delays that hamper operations of present liquid-fueled missiles. Minutemen can be tucked away in remote areas, wherever strategy dictates. They can be tended by a handful of trained personnel who could guard acres of dug-in missiles from the air by helicopter and fire them instantly with the push of a button.

GOING ON DUTY, a Minuteman missile, as visualized by an artist, is lowered into its fenced-off launching hole. Others like it are buried in the distance. They could all be fired by a crew stationed in blockhouse at left, beyond the river.

CONTINUED

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when you cook ground beef
with Better-Blending Carnation



No other form of milk will do. For Carnation has special blending qualities not found in ordinary milk that keep ground beef moist, firm and tender whether you bake, broil or pan fry it. Discover this better Carnation way to fix ground beef in the wonderful new kind of cheeseburgers shown below.

EXCITING NEW CHEESEBURGER RECIPE

Hamburger patty, cheese slice and half a bun all broiled together! No wasted juices! No messy broiler! Delicious!

CARNATION BUNBURGERS

(Makes 6 servings)

- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup (small can) undiluted CARNATION EVAPORATED MILK
- 1 egg
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds ground beef
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine cracker crumbs
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped onion
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped green pepper

1. Blend all ingredients together until well-mixed. Form meat mixture into 12 thin patties (about $\frac{1}{8}$ cup each). Place each patty on hamburger bun half, covering completely. Place Bunburgers on broiler pan.

2. Broil 5-7 inches from heat for 5 to 7 minutes (or to your family's taste). Top each Bunburger with a cheese slice. Broil until cheese bubbles (1 to 2 minutes). Serve with potato chips and relishes.



COPR. 1958, CARNATION CO.



Make a marvelous midday meal with
real Italian-style **CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®** Ravioli

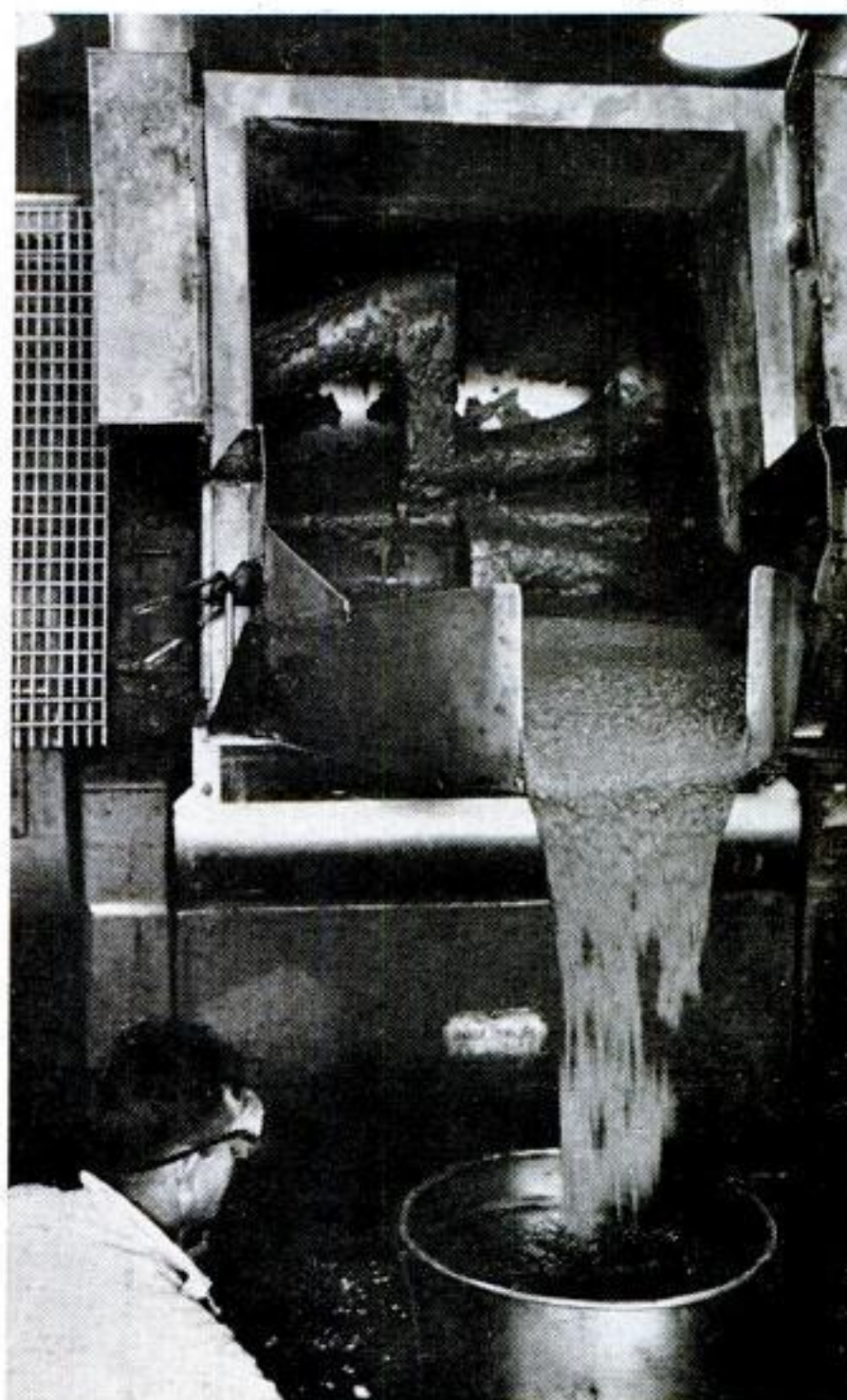
Serve Beef or Cheese Ravioli... Chef's thrifty, tantalizing macaroni
pies, filled with juicy beef or tangy Italian-style cheese,
smothered in a rich tomato sauce the Portofino way. Right for
children's lunches... real value, too—costs only about 15¢ a serving.



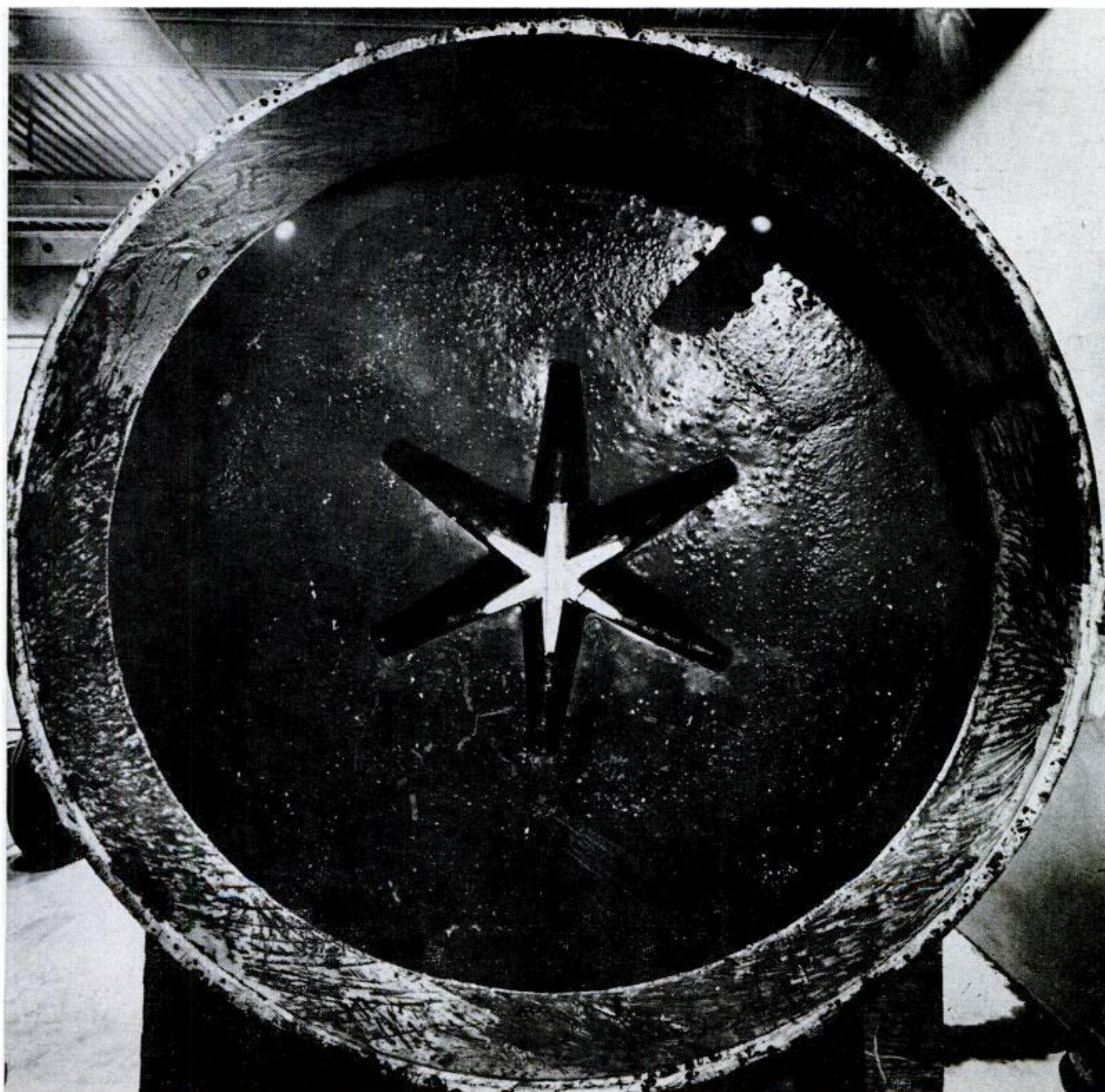
SOLID MIX WITH HOLLOW CORE PROVIDES POWER

The propellant in a solid fuel missile like Minuteman contains the same basic ingredients which are used in liquid propellants: fuel plus an oxidizer, the agent that makes the fuel burn. In the solid fuel version the ingredients are mixed together into a rubbery plastic, then hardened into the required shape and size. A core is left in the center of the missile. To fire the missile an electrical charge is set off inside the core. The fuel begins to burn from the core outward and the missile is propelled by the exhaust energy given off from the intense heat. The shape of the core inside the solid mass of fuel determines the rate at which the energy is produced. By the time the fire reaches the outer rim of the missile and the fuel is used up, the missile's momentum is taking it to the target along a predetermined path.

Solid fuels have already been used to give an initial boost to smaller missiles like the Matador. Their premixed convenience gives them an advantage over the more complicated liquid fuels. But their use in huge ICBMs like Minuteman had to wait until ways could be found to control the burning so that the missiles would not undershoot or overshoot the target. The technical problems involved were immense. The U.S. Navy, forced to turn to solid fuels for its seagoing missile, Polaris, which has to be fired from a submerged submarine or the deck of a rolling ship, bore down on the problems. By means that are still top secret, control over the burning time was achieved by the Navy. In its Sept. 1 issue, in a pictorial essay on the new art of underwater warfare, LIFE will publish color pictures of the launching of Polaris test missiles.



IN FLUID STATE, mixed synthetic rubber base and oxidizer flow into vat at Thiokol Chemical plant.



HARDENED INTO SHAPE, mass of solid fuel has hollow core, here seen running through a test version of Navy's

Polaris, which is resting on its side at Aerojet-General plant. Jutting points of core burn first, carry fire outward.

CONTINUED

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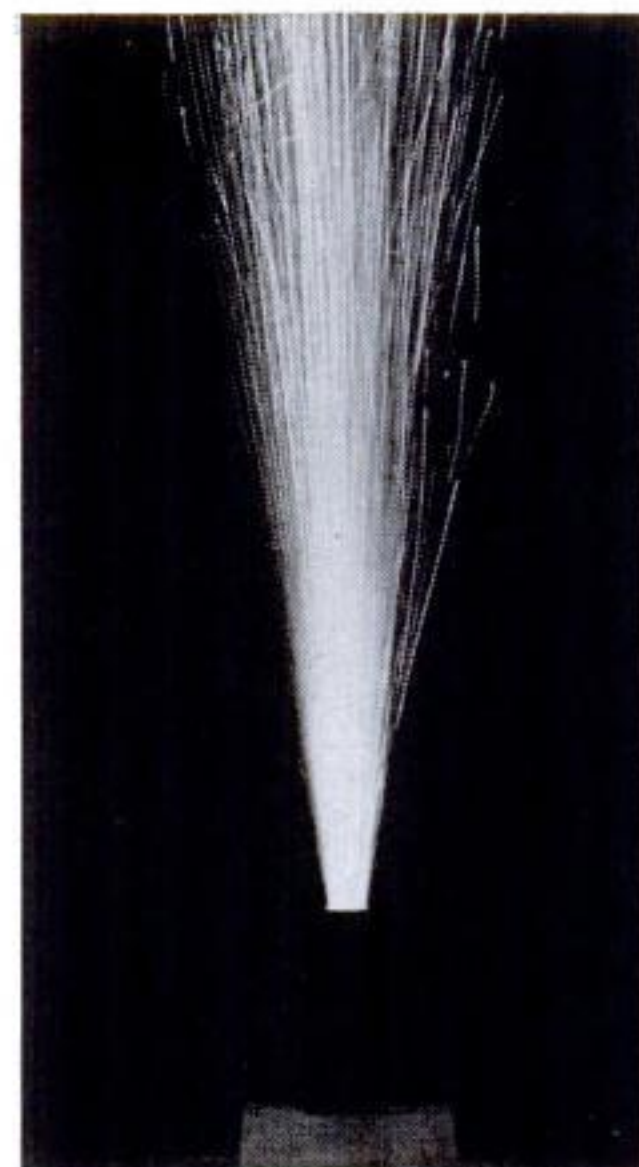
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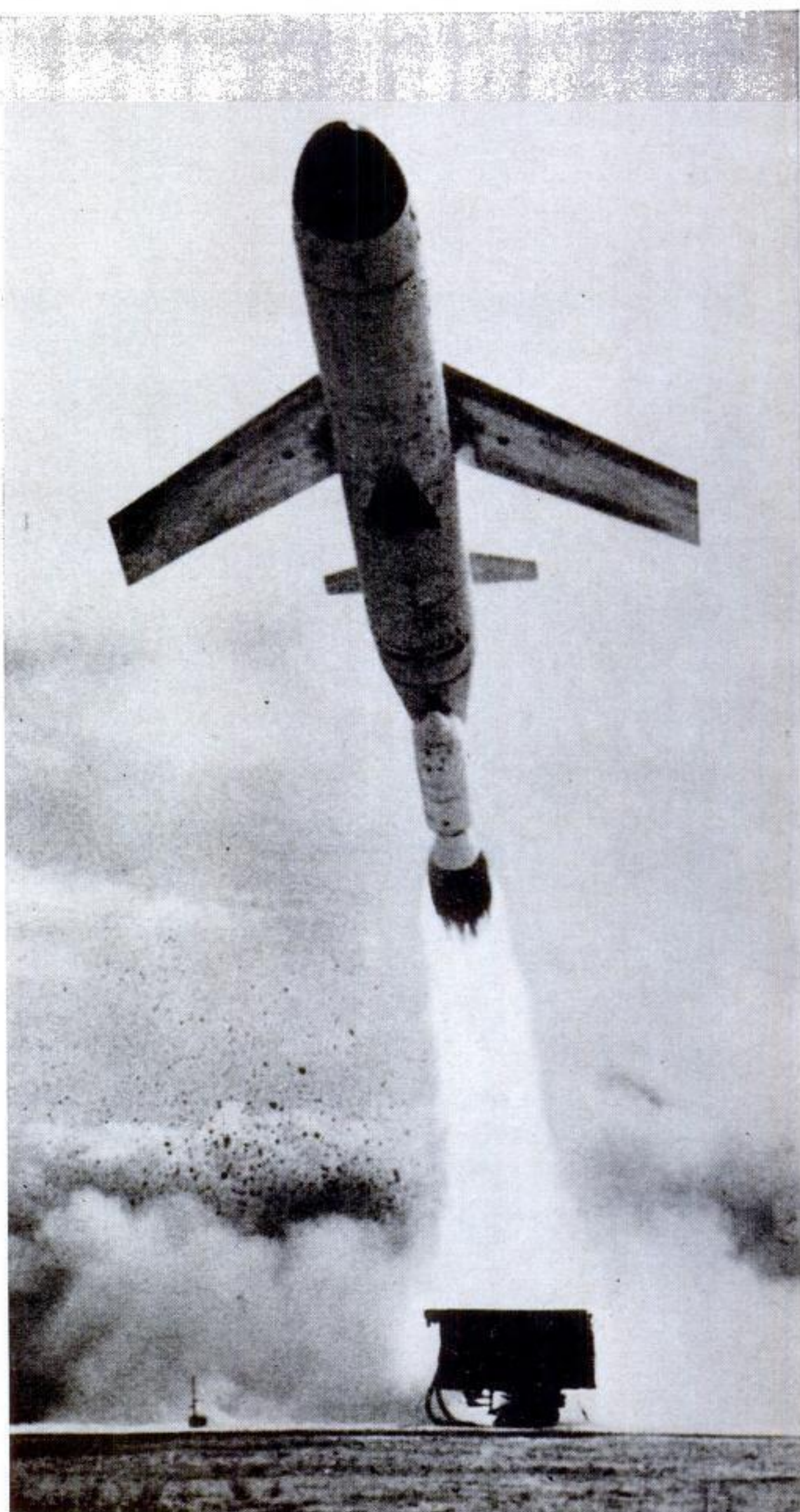
Minuteman CONTINUED



NO FORCE is exerted by a piece of solid fuel which burns freely atop a Thiokol laboratory pedestal, giving off ineffective shower of sparks.



CONTROLLED FORCE is achieved when solid fuel piece burns inside a pipe, as it would in a missile, and gives off a powerful jet like flame.



BLASTING OFF, an Air Force Matador missile uses a solid fuel booster to get up takeoff speed before its jet engine takes over for rest of 700-mile trip.



Designer captivates campus with new off-beat wools

Helping to revolutionize the lines of the student body, Frank Smith of Masket Brothers brings to college the gayest fashions since the days of the Charleston. His inspiration—the brilliant new wools. For here's richness with 14-carat dazzle—fabulous prints, giddy plaids, plush fleeces that make you look and feel like a pampered darling.

And wool pampers you in more ways than one. Thanks to its natural spring-back, wool gives

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See them at Franklin Simon, New York City, all stores; Battlestein's, Houston, Texas; Bramson, Chicago, all stores; Joseph Magnin, California and Nevada; Frank Murphy, St. Paul, Minnesota; B. Siegel Co., Detroit. For further information, write WOOL, Dept. L-1, 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. 17.

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SILHOUETTE

by Samsonite!

*newest advance in luggage
design and lightness in 15 years*



MEN'S TWO-SUITER, \$42.50; MEN'S COMPANION CASE, \$25

Forget all you ever knew about luggage design...new Samsonite Silhouette changes everything! The look is clean and uncluttered because the locks are recessed out of sight in a silvery track, allowing Samsonite Silhouette's natural lines to sweep freely across the top. A turn of the key—a flick of the finger—and remarkable new "car-door" locks trigger open. Close them—and they *stay* closed, completely protected in their track against rough handling or sudden jarring.

Pick it up—and you'll know instantly this is the lightness of magnesium, the fabulous jet-plane metal. It's the lightness and strength you've hoped for in luggage, but never thought possible, until now. For all its slim good looks, Samsonite Silhouette actually provides more clothing space, greater protection.

The vinyl finish rebuffs scuffs, sponges clean in seconds. Exclusive tongue-in-groove closure seals out wrinkle-causing humidity. Inside are lustrous, no-fade linings. Outside this superb color selection for men and women: Dover White, Desert Tan (shown), Biscayne Blue, Platinum Grey, Oxford Grey.

Samsonite *Silhouette*





ADVENTURE IN

PHOTOGRAPHER RECORDS 'MAGIC OF COLOR IN MOTION' ON LAND

Photographed for LIFE by ERNST HAAS

PART II



As camera picks up sequence of lariat throw from overhead loop to cast, calf and cow pony have rocking-horse look.

NEW CAMERA REALM

The swift grace of men and animals, the blazing speed of racing cars claim the attention of Photographer Ernst Haas in this second part of "The Magic of Color in Motion." Last week LIFE presented Haas's efforts—with subjects on water—to make the camera see color in motion as the eye sees it, not in fixed images but in a blended flow of color. Here he shows subjects on land, adding an element of contrast between the staccato movement of living creatures and

the fluid progress of machines. As a challenge to his skill, he chose types of movement whose courses were unpredictable.

Not the least remarkable fact about these photographs is the variety of ways—often more than one in the same picture—in which Haas has captured motion. In his own eyes what he has accomplished is freeing photographs from the distractions of detail, and, by recording as the eye does, achieving a "purification" of color.

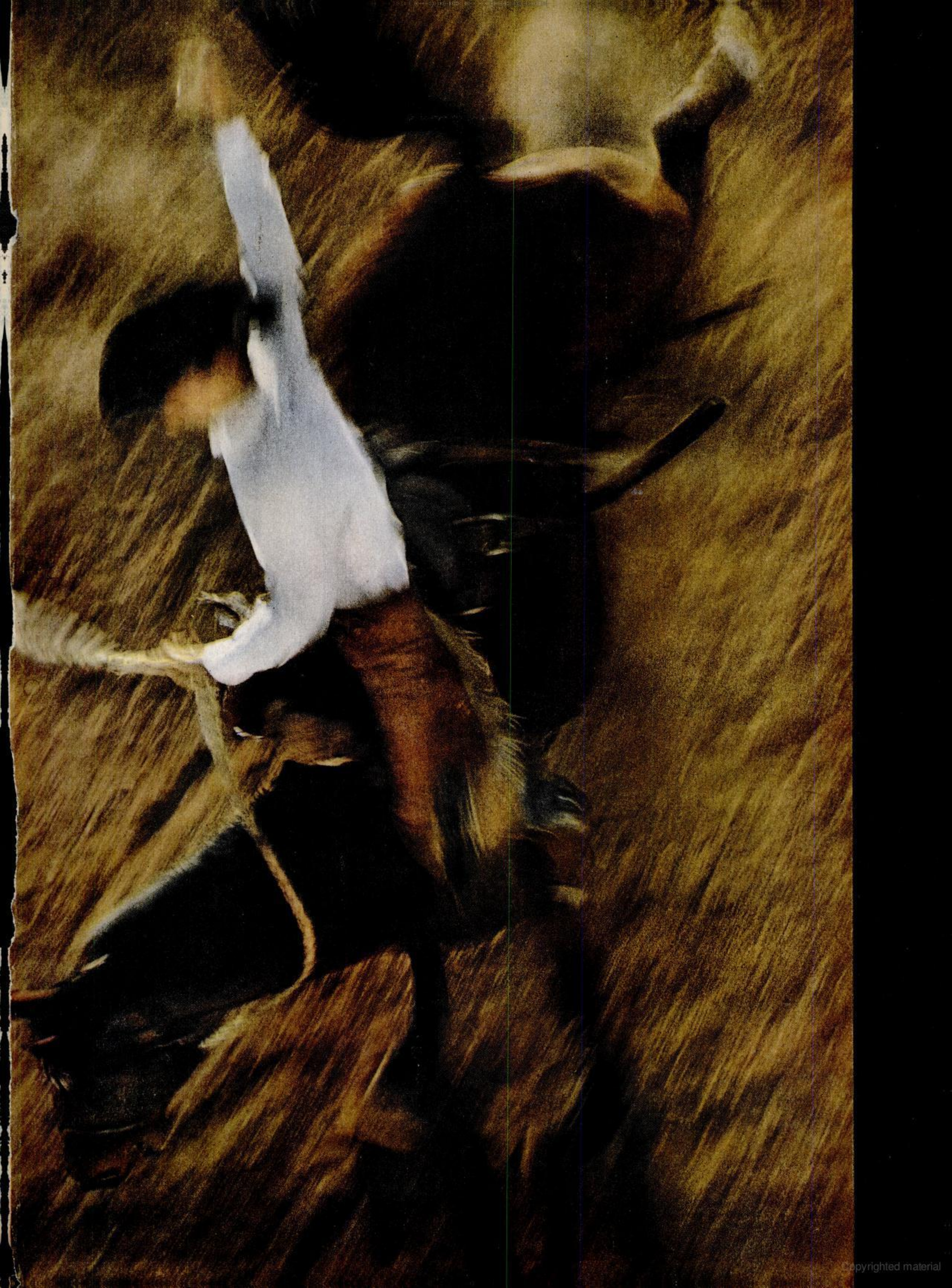


One-fifth second shot as Brahman bull throws rider seems to deprive cowboy of head as well as his sailing western hat.

Broncobuster staying in saddle through mount's contortions seemed "to keep his balance like a ballerina".

As bulldogger leaps for steer's horns, horse (left), cowboy and steer blend in one long blur of movement.







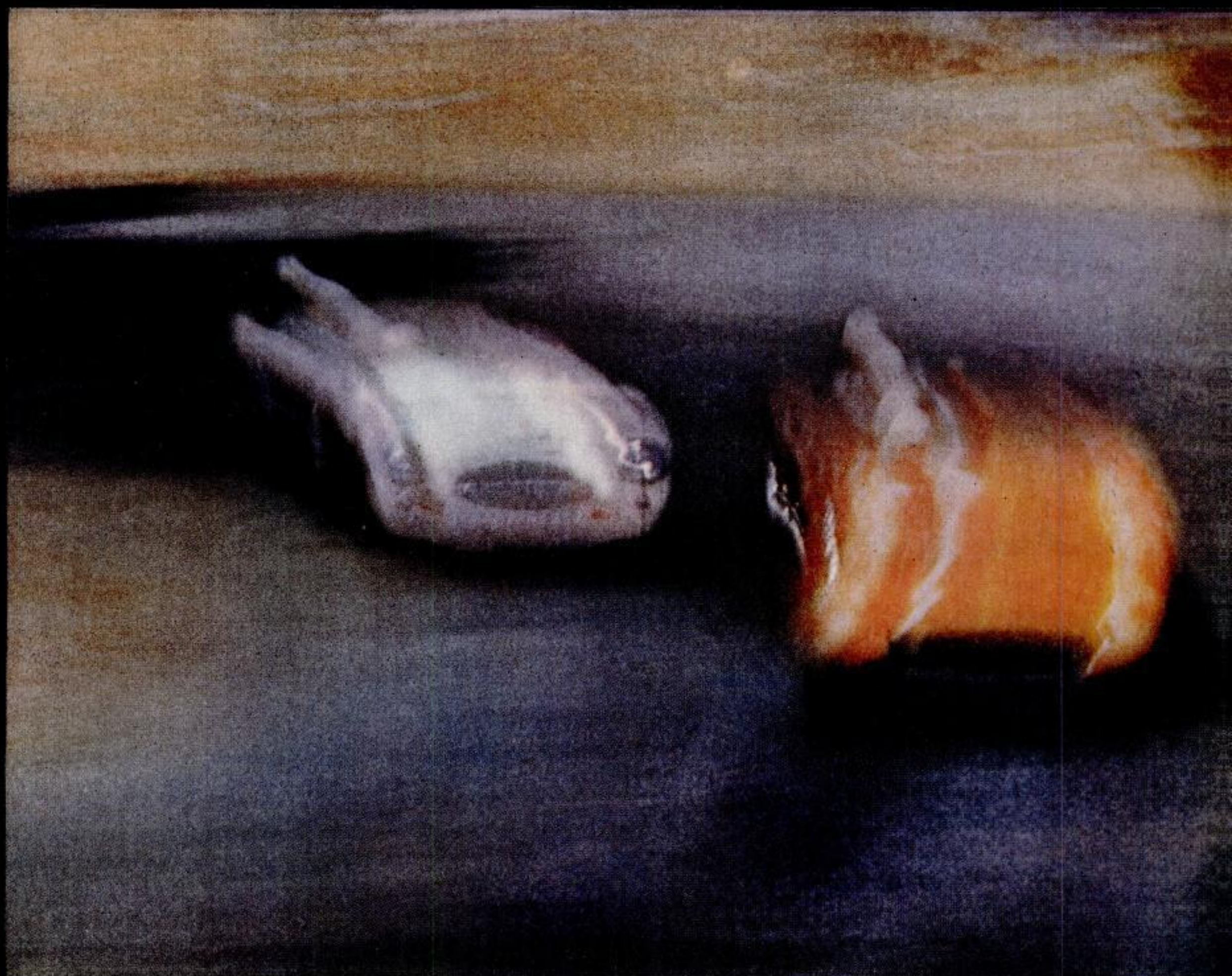
Against blaze of sunset, horses are turned out to drink at water hole. The pool's



Tracking cars at Indianapolis Speedway
Haas catches leader clearly. Bu, two more blurred



A racing car retains form as camera follows it, but speed is revealed in streaks left by trackside foliage.



Car bodies seem to bend as they come out of turn. Stresses of turn impart stuttering motion to car at right.

Jiggling of two cars at high speed weaves streaks of brightwork (left), furnishes front driver with two heads.





*burnished surface, the sky's bright flare
combine to give a curious illusion of a mirage.*

The Kelleys take you on a tour of their new



"**HERE ARE THE ESSENTIALS** that really convinced us we should own a Comfort-Conditioned Home," says Claude Kelley, "Full Fiberglas Insulation and Full Housepower. This Fiberglas Insulation means low heating costs all winter and low cooling costs in summer too."



"**THIS KITCHEN** has everything I ever dreamed of," says Virginia Kelley. "Of course, all these work-saving appliances need power . . . That's where Full Housepower comes in," says Claude. "Our home is equipped with all the power we need today—or will need tomorrow."



"**OUR PATIO IS SOMETHING** Virginia and I really go for," Claude says. "Fiberglas Screening lets in the breezes but keeps out the bugs. And Fiberglas Paneling overhead lets in the light but keeps out the heat. Believe me, if I didn't have a Fiberglas-Screened Patio, I'd sure add one."

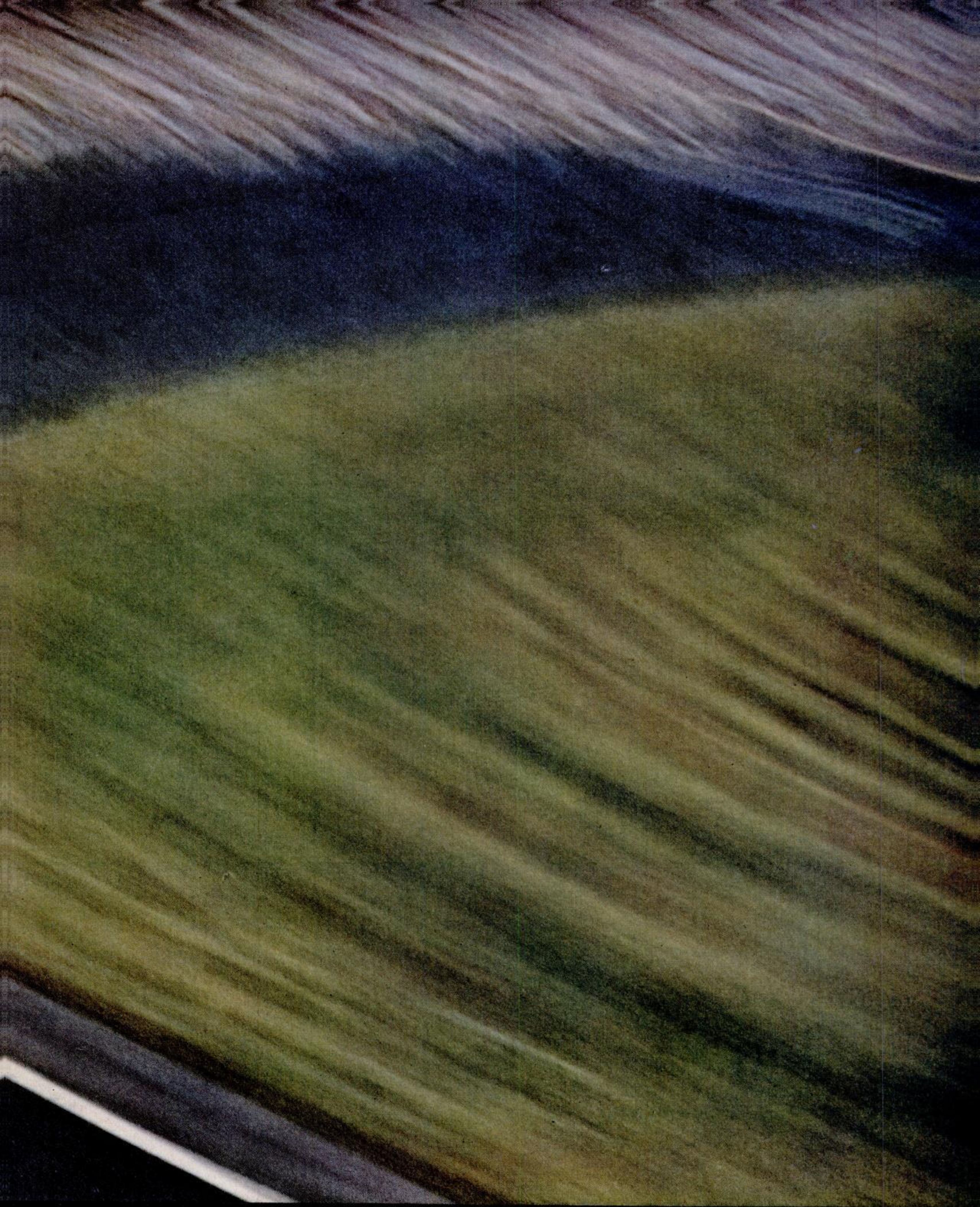
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this sign
when you shop
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You too can live the carefree life. The secret is the kind of home you live in. Is your home designed for year-round comfort? Do you have the latest work-saving appliances? The peace and quiet of sound-conditioning? The healthful bliss of indoor-outdoor living? These are some of the values you'll find in new Comfort-Conditioned Homes, presented by leading builders all over America.

When you shop for that new dream home, look for the sign that says, *Comfort-Conditioned Home*. Then you'll be sure of getting Full Fiberglas



*by skids, and formless streaks of the grandstand
give breathless image of speed and people.*

Comfort-Conditioned Home

Virginia and Claude Kelley

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Builder: Wood Bros. Construction Co., Belleville, Ill.



"WHAT A RUMPUS Karen and little Claudia raise in this room!" says Virginia. "But that's why this Fiberglas ceiling is here. It's called SONOFACED* Acoustical Tile. It soaks up so much disturbing noise I forget there's a riot going on. It cleans with a damp cloth too."



"COMFORT-CONDITIONING reaches down here into the basement too," Claude says. "Fiberglas DUST-STOP* Filters keep our heat fresh and clean. And these Fiberglas ducts carry the air quietly, without the usual noise of rushing air."



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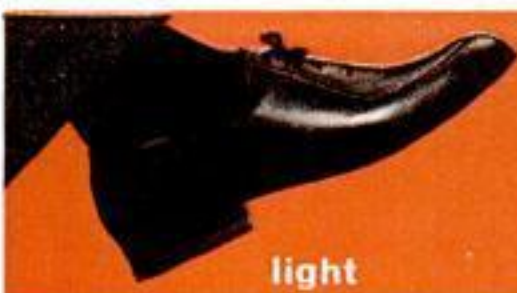


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Feet First into Mark Twain

KANSAS CITY COMES UP WITH A LIVELY MUSICAL COMEDY OF 'TOM SAWYER'

Jumping into a project that several Broadway showmen have failed to bring off, a group of Kansas City, Mo. businessmen this summer put up \$50,000 to back a musical version of Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer*. In a week's run at Kansas City's outdoor Starlight Theater the show played to an audience of 43,000, which took special pride in seeing a great Missouri masterpiece turned into a bright Missouri musical.

In dressing up *Tom Sawyer* for the footlights, a team of writers and

composers stuck fairly close to Twain's unforgettable characters. Along with Tom and Huck Finn, there is Injun Joe, Aunt Polly and, of course, pretty little Becky. Tom and Becky are made older, which allows them to carry on a romance. Though it strains credulity to see Tom palpitating over a girl at the same time he is playing pirate, *Tom Sawyer* is still a lively show. No Broadway producer has picked it up yet, but its backers have already made a profit and it is booked again for Kansas City next summer.

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'TOM SAWYER' CONTINUED

A NEW NOTE OF ROMANCE



GRINNING AT BECKY, Tom Sawyer (Randy Sparks) joins her in an old-fashioned dance while she sings to him *Why Would You Want to Kiss Me?*



GRINNING AT TOM, Becky (Virginia Gibson) dances through skipping rope while Tom, looking over his shoulder, realizes that she has roped him.

CONTINUED



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TORCHLIGHT PARADE of picnickers marches into MacDougal's Cave, where Tom and Becky get lost and are found in a dark corner by Injun Joe.



FIGHTING IN CAVE, Huck Finn (Richard France) tries to grab knife from Injun Joe (Michael Kermoyan) as Tom lies helpless, Becky watches in terror.

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WITH HIS PRIZE, Hürzeler stands over lignite block in which Oreopithecus remains are embedded. Lignite is encased in plaster to help preserve it.



DOWN IN MINE immediately after discovery, Hürzeler (right), a miner and mine director (left) shine lights toward tunnel ceiling where bones are lodged.

THE HISTORIC BONES show that Oreopithecus is flat on its belly (diagram, bottom right) with limbs spread out and flexed. This section is 3 feet across.



CHUNK OF COAL YIELDS A MAJOR MISSING LINK

Ten-million-year-old Oreopithecus bones discovered in Italian mine fill a big gap in human evolution

Six hundred feet down in a dank Italian coal mine two miners chipped away a sheet of lignite and, in the flickering light of their lamps, gazed at one of the most important anthropological finds of all time—a crucial missing link in man's family tree. Embedded in the coal was the sprawled skeleton (above, right), shattered yet surprisingly complete, of a manlike creature called Oreopithecus. It had lived in the marshes of coastal Italy 10 to 12 million years ago and is the earliest of man's extinct but humanlike relatives ever uncovered.

The miners speedily notified Dr. Johannes Hürzeler, a Swiss anthropologist who has been excavating in the mine and who immediately followed them to the tunnel where the bones lay. He cut out a block containing the skeleton. Then he looked for and found the skull to give him the first complete body of Oreopithecus ever found. Some of the leg

bones have fallen out of the lignite block, but Hürzeler has saved them.

Ever since 1860, when the first fragments of Oreopithecus were discovered in Tuscany, scientists have been at odds over whether it was a tree-swinging ape or monkey or an ancient Hominid, a progenitor of man that combined ape and human characteristics and walked erect. For nine years Hürzeler has been working around coal mines near Pisa, hoping to find a full skeleton so he could resolve the argument. Now, Hürzeler believes, a thorough study of the bones should show that Oreopithecus was a true Hominid. Chances are that he is right and Oreopithecus will fill the huge evolutionary gap (next page) between Proconsul, the common ancestor of apes and men which lived about 25 million years ago, and the earliest known human, who lived half a million years ago. This will push man's ancestry 10 million years farther back than scientists have believed.

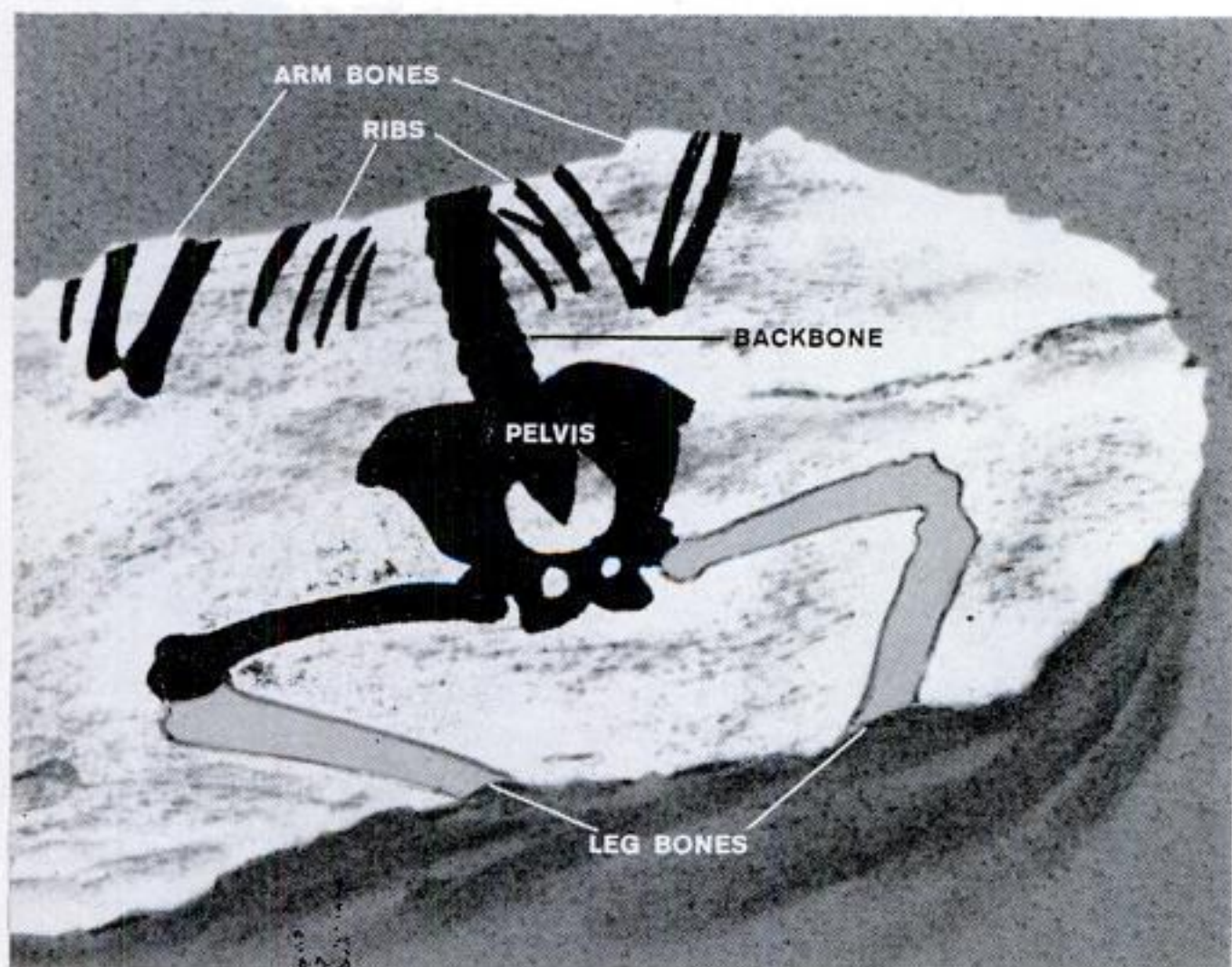


DIAGRAM CLARIFIES THE PICTURE AT TOP. GRAY SHOWS MISSING BONES

CONTINUED

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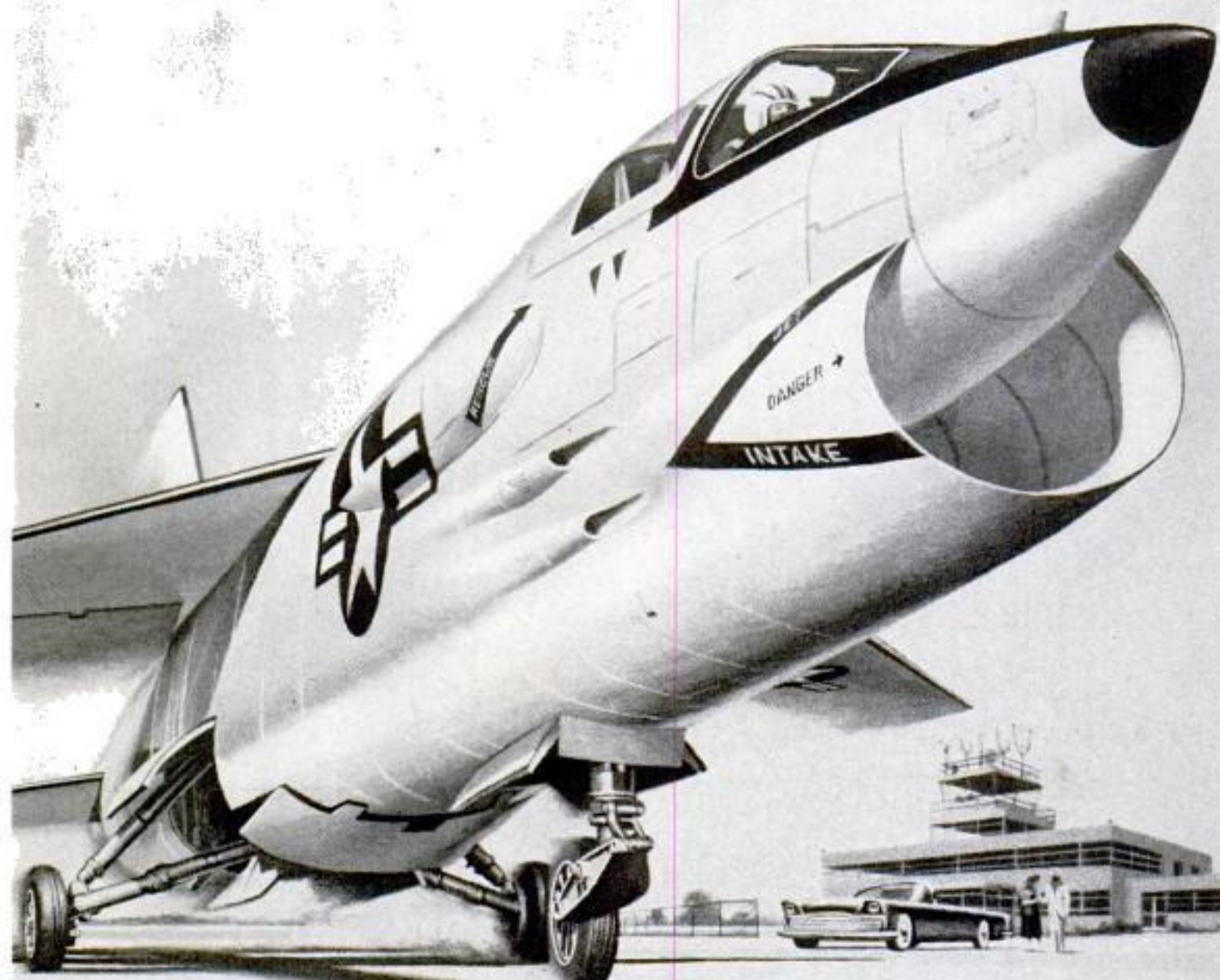
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MISSING LINK CONTINUED

MODERN MAN'S KEY FOREBEARS

PROCONSUL (*right*), common ancestor of apes and man lived 25 million years ago in East Africa. It had apelike teeth but not the ape's tree-swinging arms. It had body, face, hands of monkey, no tail, probably stood erect for short periods and ran or jumped about on all fours.



OREOPITHECUS (*below*), newly found missing link, came 15 million years after Proconsul. A 4½-foot animal, it probably had low brow, long skull, face less monkeylike than Proconsul. Its teeth, short finger bones and short stout lower arms resemble man's. It may have walked erect.



AUSTRALOPITHECUS, a manlike creature which followed Oreopithecus, lived in South Africa about 750,000 years ago, may be a direct ancestor of humans. It had an apelike face, manlike limbs, probably walked semi-erect. It had a larger jaw and a higher brow than apes.



PITHECANTHROPUS came after Australopithecus and is the earliest known man. Also called Java Man, he lived about 500,000 years ago, had manlike but oversized teeth, higher brow and larger brain than earlier Hominids but lacked true forehead and chin of modern man.

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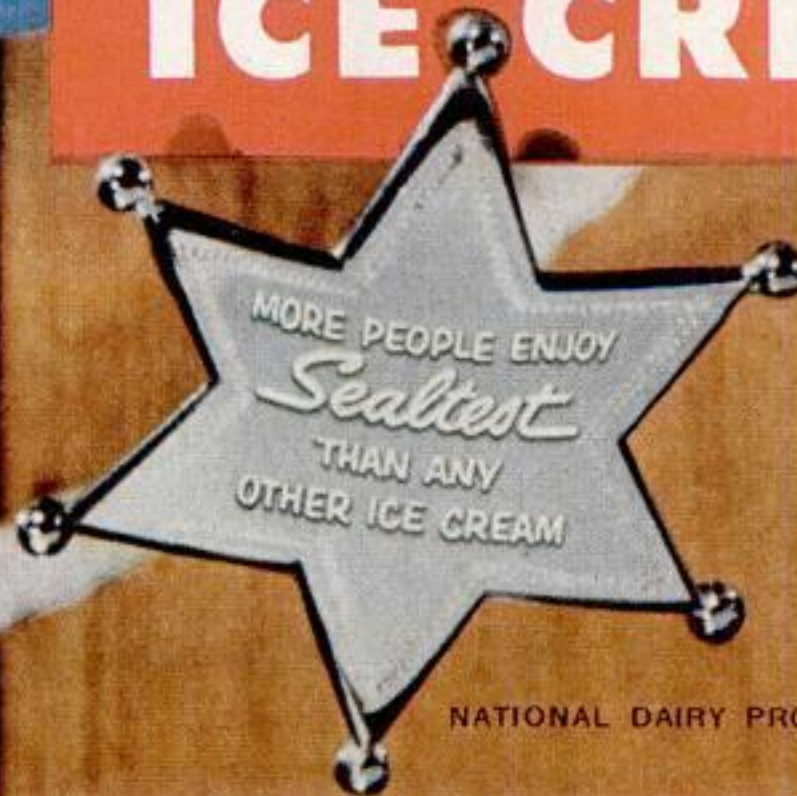


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WORLD CRISIS

by KEITH WHEELER

Nothing but fire-blackened ruin and debris today testify to the events at the Palace of Spaciousness. The occupants died—17 in all, it is said, including King Faisal and Crown Prince Abdul Illah. Those who, with a leer, point out that the crown prince's bedroom still smells of perfume despite the fire are the same people who delight in saying that the corpses included three foreign party girls, one killed in the nude. The government speaks vaguely and variously of resistance, ascribing it to trigger-happy palace guards or to the reckless crown prince.

In any event it was all over at the palace before 6 a.m., the hour by which Kassem had planned to be in full control of Baghdad. By this time the radio was already announcing not only the success of the revolution but also a full roster of names for the revolutionary government, including civilian ministers. Kassem had forgotten nothing.

The radio was also being used to summon a new element into the situation. The mobs were being called out, the urchins, the juvenile delinquents in striped *dishdasha*, the porters, the beggars, the loafers, the women in black *abayas*, the hungry, homeless and dispossessed. They were being called to take out their bitterness on dead things: Nuri's smashed house, the gutted palace, the body of the crown prince still lying where it fell. (The body of the king had been prudently bundled into a rug and spirited away, for the king had enjoyed a sort of pitying popularity and was not held responsible for the people's miseries.)

Thus the people of Baghdad were invited to take a hand in the revolution, to establish ownership of it and share its responsibilities even though, as a military operation, it was already an accomplished fact. This invitation raised the curtain on several hours of gratuitous horror. The dead crown prince was hanged



CURIOUS GLOATERS, people of Baghdad throng grounds to sightsee at Nuri es Said's ravaged home.



LITTER OF REGICIDE—kitchenware, family portraits and other belongings of the king and crown

prince—are spread on the lawn outside the fire-gutted palace where the Iraqi royal family was killed.

at least twice that day. Between hangings, his body suffered indignities: stoning, knifing, gradual attrition of parts as eager knives stripped away grisly souvenirs.

That afternoon Nuri's turn came. In Baghdad's future "Liberty Street" appeared three veiled, shapeless figures of *umm el aba* (grandmothers in black coats). Someone noticed men's shoes and the bottoms of pajama pants below the folds of one black *abaya*.

A man jerked open the *abaya* and, seeing the pale face, the arrogant high-bridged nose, the pouched eyes, yelled, "Nuri!" Unmasked, it is said, Nuri wearily confessed, "I am the pasha. I am sick."

One version insists that Nuri drew a pistol and fired first. This conforms to the thesis that force was used only to meet resistance. Another version has it that Nuri turned to run but that the hue and cry of the mob alerted a passing driver who hurdled the curb with his car and pinned Nuri against a wall.

The government will not say exactly what happened. But it realizes, and a few frank Baghdadi will admit, that if either Nuri or Faisal or Abdul Illah had been left alive, the new regime would have been in endless danger. Once before Nuri had come back from exile to smash revolutionaries. Such an eagle of a man could not be allowed to live.

Nuri's body was attacked long after death. The mob had at him for a time where he died. Then the army arrived, rescued what remained, loaded it on a taxi's baggage rack and took it to a hospital.

That night word got around that Nuri's tattered remains had been buried in a certain cemetery. The next morning the mobs, still not satisfied, descended on the cemetery in search of freshly dug graves. Not much later that day, July 16, in two different areas of the city at the same time, two different bodies of Nuri es Said Pasha were being exhibited, stoned, sliced for souvenirs and dragged behind cars.

Having viewed these proceedings and others, a cultured young Baghdadi later said, "I am a peace-loving man. I don't hunt. I cannot bring myself to kill or even to curse an animal. But I must tell you that if I had got hold of those bodies that day, I would have done the same things to them. Such was our hate."

And such was the revolution. The question remains: even allowing for good planning and secrecy, how could it have succeeded so easily? The fact is that in order to succeed, the coup needed the people behind it. It had them. The people were behind the plot, even though they were not aware of it, because the government, always influenced by Crown Prince Abdul Illah and usually dominated by Nuri es Said, had been running against the emotional grain of the people for well over two decades. Hatred of British colonialism and suspicion of British motives run deep in the Iraqi bloodstream. Both Nuri and the prince, justly or not, were considered British puppets. The shameful outcome of the war with Israel abraded Iraqi pride. The Baghdad Pact, making the government the West's outright ally, fanned this hatred. The end became inevitable, one Arab statesman believes, when Nuri and Abdul Illah took Iraq into a pro-Western Arab Union with Jordan five months ago as a challenge to Nasser's strident United Arab Republic.

Having weathered so many storms in 37 years, Nuri might conceivably have weathered this accumulation of troubles but for the most powerful phenomenon of the Arab world today: the sweeping fever of Arab nationalism commanded by the relentless, enormously popular crusader, Gamal Abdel Nasser. Nasser had been Nuri's mortal enemy ever since the Baghdad Pact had been conceived in 1954 and had fought savagely to bring him down.

Today Kassem and the men around him swear fervently that their revolt was an inside job, that no individual or government outside their tight little coterie knew of it, much less gave them aid. Technically this may be true. But it is only half true because for the last four years the emotional Arab fervor attaching to Nasser's program and the vituperative outpourings of Nasser's Cairo Radio had swept Iraq inexorably along in its tide.

The vital question now confronting the West, unhappily contemplating oil and strategic interests which it cannot surrender, is the nature and intent of the government which has emerged from the revolution.

At first Kassem seemed hesitant, almost shy,

but his confidence and even enjoyment of his new role have been growing steadily. He is a late worker, presiding over cabinet meetings that go on well past midnight. "I am no dictator," says Kassem, and Baghdad observers are inclined to agree with him. "He is the boss for now," says an Iraqi close to the revolutionaries. "But he does a lot of listening and takes a lot of advice."

The question mark is Aref. In the first fortnight of the revolution Kassem scarcely came outside the guarded defense ministry, but Aref quickly became the regime's military front man. He led the early delegation to Damascus to meet Nasser and conclude a sweeping pact with the U.A.R. Within Iraq he is on the move constantly, roving widely to explain the revolution and win the people to it. In cabinet meetings he does most of the talking.

His sheer visibility has already led many outsiders and some Iraqi to speculate that he may be the real strong man of the revolution, a Nasser to Kassem's Naguib. Others doubt it, granting that he is probably ambitious but believing that he will burn out quickly. In his speeches in the provinces Aref has proved vigorously anti-Western, and he carefully avoids Western newspaper correspondents, especially Americans.

It is natural that at least in the early months of the revolution the 11 civilian members of the government should be somewhat obscured by the military. The civilians had no part in planning the revolt and evidently only one, Saddik Shanshal, who holds the portfolio of Minister of Guidance, had any detailed foreknowledge of it. Most of them insist that they did not know they were being considered for cabinet ministers until they heard the news on the radio early on July 14.

Shanshal did know. He even knew the date of the coup, though not the exact zero hour. "I stayed at the Baghdad Hotel that morning until 1 o'clock," he told me. "Then I decided that nothing was going to happen and went home to bed. When I woke up the revolution was a fact."

Shanshal is in his early 50s. A square-built, affable man, he is a lawyer educated in France. In the days before Nuri es Said abolished political parties in 1954, he belonged to the Istiklal, the right-wing independence party which in 1941 supported a Nazi-inspired revolt. That revolt folded in 34 days, but it showed even

then that Nuri's enemies hated him so heartily that to get him they would make partners with anybody, even Nazis.

Shanshal's present role is intriguing. The post he holds is nominally that of press agent for the revolution, but he is more than a press agent. When President Eisenhower's personal representative, Robert Murphy, arrived in Iraq, the first official with whom he was closeted was not the foreign minister but Saddik Shanshal.

For the most part the other civilian ministers are of Shanshal's political complexion. No single name in the new government can be linked with anything that smells of Communism. Even the most leftist members are only a shade left of center. Minister of Agriculture Hdaib Haj Hmood, for example, a landowner with 2,400 acres in the rice-growing belt south of Baghdad, has independently initiated reforms giving his tenants a larger share of the crop than is customary.

As a government the revolutionary group in its first days was animated mostly by its sense of grievance against the past. The ministers endlessly repeated the catchwords of accusation: "corruption, tyranny, oppression." To some extent the case could be documented. Nuri es Said was surely tyrannical. Convinced that only he really knew what was good for Iraq, he had hounded and hanged Communists, rigged elections, dismissed parliaments, suppressed political parties, jailed critics, closed the opposition press.

The charge of corruption is less easy to document. Most observers agree that some degree of corruption was probably inevitable on nearly all levels of government from underpaid civil servants to cabinet ministers. "Few contracts got signed without baksheesh and kickbacks," says an American who has been close to the recent Iraqi development program. "But it ought to be remembered that baksheesh and kickbacks are not unknown in other countries, either Middle Eastern or Western."

So far the revolutionary government is still only groping toward a cure for the ills of the past. Kassem told me his aims: "First of all, I want in this country a state in which the law dominates and justice prevails. The intent of the people should be guaranteed. I want to free the people from tyranny and corruption, to raise their standard of living, to bring them real democracy."

These aims are more easily stated than attained. Except for one crucial reform, breaking the power of the landlords, the new regime has yet to develop a comprehensive program.

For the West the revolution has raised a vital and immediate question: what of the oil? The new government's attitude seems reassuring. Kassem and his cabinet made haste to declare that they would honor Iraq's international commitments, particularly its contracts with Western oil companies. In the first weeks the new ministers betrayed an almost pathetic anxiety to be recognized, especially by the U.S. There was rejoicing when in one day four Western governments finally did come forward—Greece, Pakistan, Iran and West Germany.

"The U.S. will find it hard to hold back now," crowed a Baghdad newspaper editor. He was right. Within two days Britain recognized Iraq, and America the day after.

Still, though it is anxious that the West continue to expand its exploitation of Iraqi oil, the new government is as cautious about the West as the West is about Iraq. The Baghdad Pact is high in everyone's consciousness.

Equally high is the knowledge that it was because of the pact that Nasser broke with Nuri and thereafter hounded him. Nasser has given no indication that he might find the pact any more palatable in Kassem's hands than it was in Nuri's.

Kassem himself, repeatedly questioned by correspondents in midnight press conferences, has learned to shy away from any mention of the pact. He simply refuses to discuss it. Shanshal will talk about it but only with a lawyer's elusiveness. All decisions, he says, must be left to the future.

The new government betrays a similar diffidence when pressed to explain its attitude toward Nasser's United Arab Republic. The ministers will not say they will join it; they cannot say they will not. This, too, they insist, must be left for the future.

But neither the government leaders nor any reasonably astute observer can remain unaware of the power and influence that Nasser wields in the affairs of this nation that he has never seen. As the paladin of Arab nationalism, he quickens every heart, stirs every man's racial memory.

"We want to get along with the West," says a thoughtful young Iraqi. "But also we want to get along with Nasser. He is not only the hero of all Arab people everywhere, but he is the hero of intellectuals and politicians in Iraq as well. He is the incorruptible leader, the symbol of Arab nationalism's success."

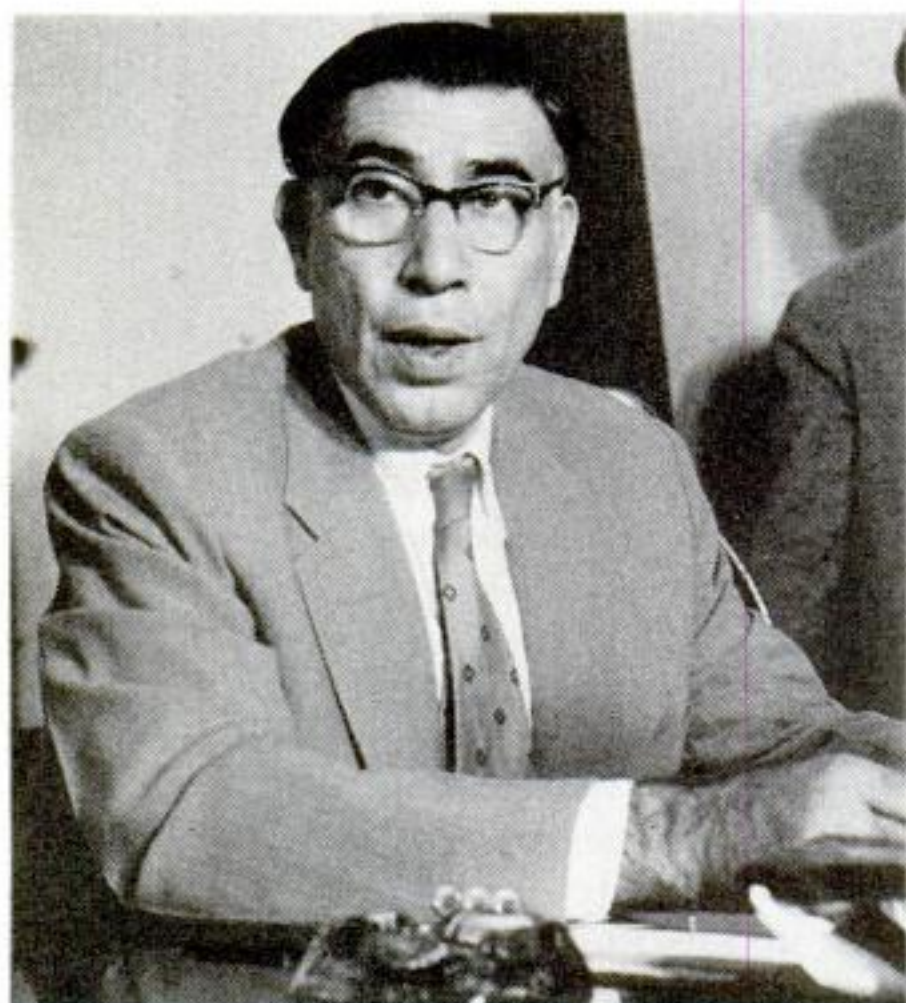
"But I know and the government knows that there is the danger of incompatibility. Our cordial relations with the West might incur Nasser's displeasure. Perhaps it is even inevitable. And I will tell you this: if it ever comes down to a hard choice, the decision will go Nasser's way. That is sure."

So here is a government of conservative reformers—genuine conservatives despite the regicide blood on their hands—in the paradoxical position of perhaps not being able to remain conservative if a foreign hero wills otherwise.

Here lies the danger. Here, for both the revolutionaries and for the West, is the great question: will Nasser hold still for a new Iraq which maintains cordial, mutually fruitful ties to the West?

"These guys," answers a sympathetic outsider close to the Iraqi, "are facing up to one of the shortest honeymoons in history."

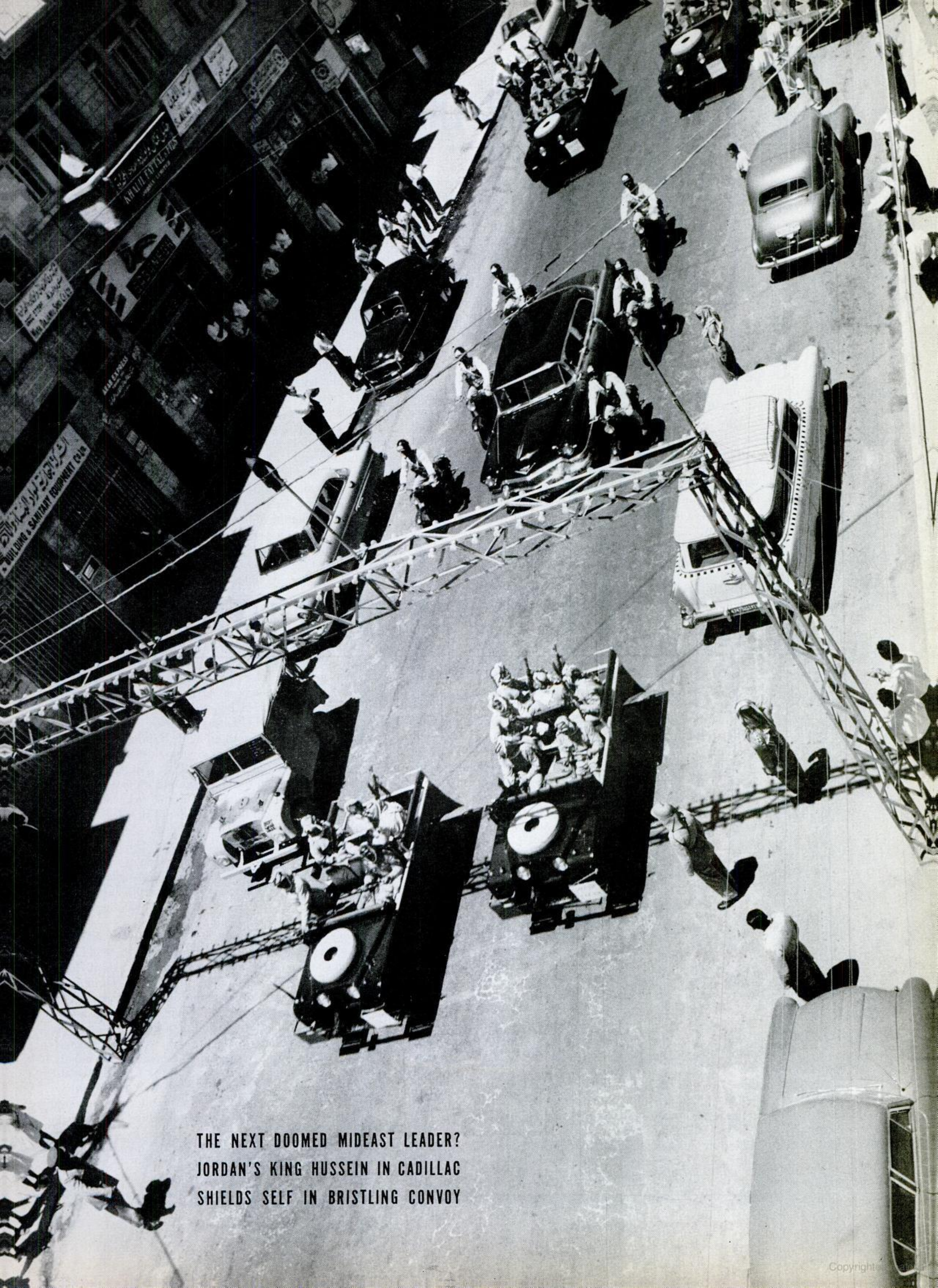
For, while Nuri was unquestionably a tyrant, Nasser is a tyrant too.



INFLUENTIAL CIVILIAN, Lawyer Saddik Shanshal is only nonsoldier who knew of army's plan.



INFLUENTIAL OUTSIDER, Nasser, who is idol of Baghdad's people, meets Aref in Damascus, Syria.



THE NEXT DOOMED MIDEAST LEADER?
JORDAN'S KING HUSSEIN IN CADILLAC
SHIELDS SELF IN BRISTLING CONVOY

REASON FOR THAT LABOR LAW—HOFFA

The most unbridgeable distance in the country seems to be the quarter mile between James Hoffa's witness chair in the Senate caucus room and the working space of the House of Representatives. If any Americans still doubt the viciousness of Hoffa's influence, the current evidence before the McClellan committee (pp. 14-19) should lay those doubts finally and conclusively to rest—Hoffa's \$60,322.30 bundle of "gambling" gains; the fate of Hoffa's strong-arm boy burned to death while trying to coerce a cleaner; the roster of robbers, extortionists and thugs working as Teamster officials.

All this and more has come out of the Senate, together with a piece of legislation, the Kennedy-Ives bill, which would go a long way to ending the racketeering, the undemocratic elections and the misappropriations of funds that have shamed all U.S. labor. The Kennedy-Ives bill may have its faults—notably some loopholes in its enforcement procedures. But it puts enough teeth into the law to make criminality like that of Teamster bosses no longer possible. The Senate passed it, 88-1, two months ago.

Enter the House. For 40 days Speaker Sam Rayburn kept this legislation on his desk. He now promises to push it to a vote, under intense political pressure. But the delay in the House is not really Rayburn's fault. Few Democrats showed any concern over the bill (until recently), following the lead of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., which had sat on its hands despite George Meany's righteous thunder against corruption. The National Association of Manufacturers and the Chamber of

Commerce of the U.S. have vigorously lobbied against it (on the theory, apparently, that if you can't lick labor completely, why bother with a limited police action?). Many Republicans have been less than active for a bill embodying many of the Administration's aims, preferring a good campaign issue to correction of a bad abuse.

The worst behavior of all is that of Representative Graham Barden's House Labor Committee, whose squabbling, would-be individualists have thus far sabotaged almost every measure put up to them. Barden's smug motto, that "he never knew the republic to be endangered by a bill that was not passed," suggests the committee's effectiveness. Its divisions make any kind of action so difficult that Rayburn could sensibly claim he had kept the bill away to avoid having it killed.

The McClellan committee is doing its level best to get Hoffa's cancerous influence out of the labor movement, but investigations are not laws. What we need is laws with teeth in them, to clean up the criminal festering that threatens to spread over the whole labor movement. "This bill," says Senator Kennedy, "represents our best chance to cleanse a basically honest labor movement of the Hoffas and the Dios, the embezzlement and the rigged elections, the extortionate picket lines and the hoodlum officers. If we do not get it by this year, 18 months of hard work by the McClellan committee will have gone for naught and all of us will be the losers."

He's right. So what's the House of Representatives going to do about it?

GIVE US YANQUIS A LITTLE CREDIT

Their trails a little lost in the volcanic ash of the vanishing summit, two purposeful travelers recently came back to the U.S. from more immediate errands: John Foster Dulles from a visit to President Juscelino Kubitschek of Brazil and Dr. Milton Eisenhower from his three-week tour of Central America. Both of them had substantially the same mission: to find out what concrete steps are needed to make the relationship between the U.S. and Latin America something more satisfying than the present mixture of friendship pledges, trade negotiations and stonings. Both of them found out—fortunately less dramatically than Vice President Nixon—that the first job of any U.S. diplomacy in Latin America is to brush away the heightened bitterness of old charges against the U.S. Since these charges are central to U.S. policy in Latin America, they bear repeating here.

Charge No. 1: the U.S. is soft on dictators. Communist agitation has magnified this one (and it has also been the stock in trade of many Latin American exiles in the U.S.). Those who make it forget that the U.S. has chosen to abide by a principle of nonintervention in other countries' affairs, commonly accepted since the Montevideo conference of 1933. There are now about a third as many dictatorships in Latin America as there were then—three to be exact. And the U.S. cannot be accused of overfriendliness in its dealings with any of them. Latin Americans, also, easily forget the protection against outside dictatorships which the U.S. has given them. "What," said an angry U.S. diplomat, "did we fight those two wars for?"

Charge No. 2: the U.S. mounts huge aid and loan programs to Europe and elsewhere, forgetting Latin America completely. Dr. Eisenhower had to refresh quite a few Latin American memories on the fact that their trade market with the U.S. has increased sixfold since 1943. He also had to remind them that a reinvigorated European economy, the result of U.S. aid, has meant much bigger markets for Latin

American products. It is about time that Latin Americans realized that the U.S. taxpayer's resources are something less than infinite. The burden he shoulders is far greater, incidentally, than that of his Latin American counterpart.

Charge No. 3: some mysterious U.S. price-fixing system operates to buy Latin America's commodities at unfavorable, discriminatory prices. Against this, U.S. spokesmen have to explain again and again to the Latin Americans that our free enterprise economy is not solely dedicated to keeping import prices constantly frozen for the benefit of Brazilian coffee or Chilean copper. The fault lies rather in the shaky economies of countries dependent on one major crop. The U.S. has lately made unprecedented efforts to work out some form of price stabilization for one-crop exporters, notably in coffee and minerals. Washington also hopes to make credit more readily available to Latin American countries, so that they can diversify their economies.

Since Nixon's rudely awakening experience, Washington has been very concerned at the persistence of these old Latin American charges. The effect of missions like those of Dulles and Milton Eisenhower is not only to clarify some Latin American misconceptions, but to redouble our own efforts to eliminate any basis for them in fact. One political step in this direction will be a meeting in the near future of the American Presidents, which Secretary Dulles now regards as an excellent way to thrash out the methods of hemisphere cooperation. A big economic step is to establish a more systematic scheme of advancing capital to Latin American countries which have not had much luck getting credit from the World Bank or private sources. (A stopgap measure in this direction is the new \$158 million loan to Brazil by U.S. banks.)

We have already advocated a continuing hemisphere fund in these pages (LIFE, May 26). The firsthand reports of the Dulles and Eisenhower missions, along with Vice President Nixon's previous findings, should bring it nearer reality.



DRESSED UP LIKE THEIR IDOL, TWO SMALL-SCALE ZORROS, MITCH PINGEL, 7, AND DAVID HOOPER, 5, FIGHT A DUEL ON A DENVER, COLO., MERRY-GO-ROUND

The Mark of Zorro

KIDS LIVE UP A NEW CASE OF HERO WORSHIP

This bold renegade carves a "Z" with his blade, a "Z" that stands for Zorro. With this song sounding from their TV sets and mysterious Zs scrawled all over the house, millions of American parents have become acutely aware that a hero they knew in their youth is riding again. In the field of kids' idols, in fact, there has been nothing like Zorro since Davy Crockett became a national household problem three years ago.

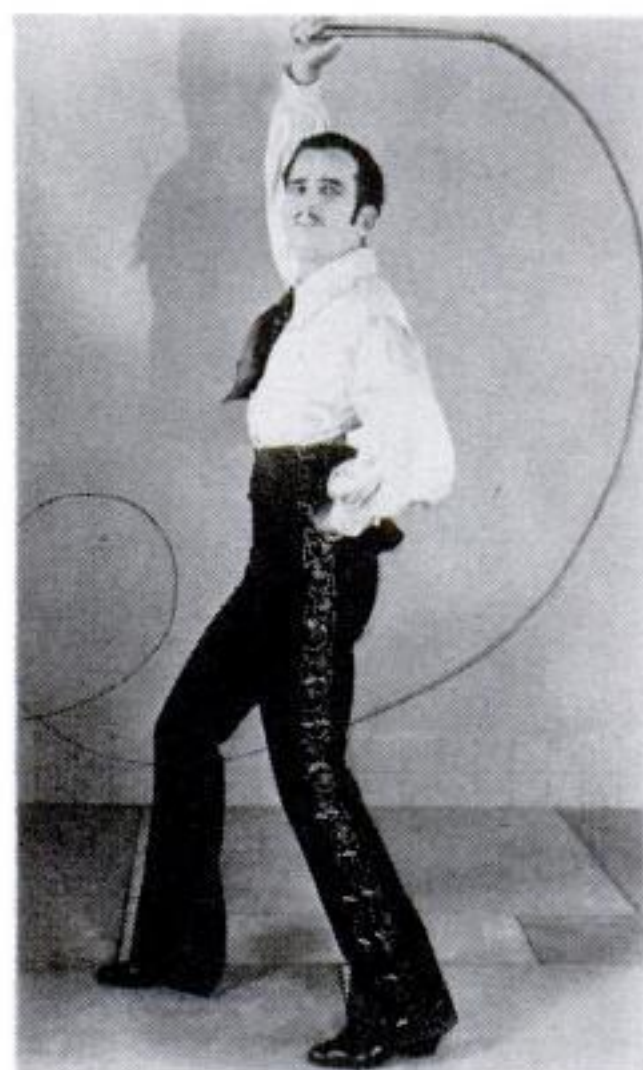
Zorro, the rich *caballero* who acts like a lazy fellow by day but at night puts on a mask and rides forth to help the poor, has been a film and fiction hero for 40 years. His current revival was brought on by Walt Disney, who introduced Zorro in an ABC-TV series last October for a 39-week

run, kept him going this summer with 13 weeks of repeats, and starts him out in a new 39-week cycle this fall. Zorro, with his derring-do and do-gooding, has all the stuff a childhood hero is made of, being a combination of all three Musketeers and the Lone Ranger. Disney has added fine touches of excitement, with zigzag flashes of lightning making Zs in the sky, and always a pulse-stirring clatter of hoofs and ringing swords. Inevitably, he also sells Zorro capes, masks, hats and plastic swords tipped with chalk so the kids can write Z on the kitchen floor. Taking advantage of Z's popularity, one California pediatrician now makes allergy-test scratches in the shape of Zs to accommodate his young patients.

The hero's creator and the long career in books, films, TV and song



ZORRO'S AUTHOR, Johnston McCulley, 75, shows fine fencing style to neighbors Billy Dowd, 7, and Robbie Nicholson, 11, outside Twin Peaks, Calif. home.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS played first movie Zorro in 1920, again in 1925.



TYRONE POWER played in a 1940 remake of *The Mark of Zorro* movie.



WITH BULL WHIP Guy Williams practices new trick of flicking out candle flame for fall TV series.

Bold renegade in busy past, busier present

Zorro, which means "fox" in Spanish, appeared first in a 1919 *Argosy* magazine serial by Johnston McCulley (above). McCulley had already done a lot of research on Spanish California, which is the background for Zorro adventures, and wrote his novel in six days. *The Mark of Zorro* was read by 500 million people and McCulley went profitably on spinning Zorro yarns in some 65 books and short stories.

When Walt Disney set out to restyle Zorro for juvenile audiences—he made him less amorous and more acrobatic—he was careful to avoid the troubles he had with Davy Crockett. Davy had become so wildly popular overnight that youngsters wore themselves out over their hero and soon abandoned him, along with crates of unsold Crockett souvenirs. This time Disney is baby-feeding his Zorro boom, so it will spread gradually and, he hopes, persist over many years. Already the small fry have pounced on some \$11 million worth of Zorro merchandise, including story-telling records and comic books.

Zorro is played on TV by Armando Catalano, who changed his name to Williams five years ago. He is married to a model and has two children, a boy, 5, and a baby girl.

More than such other TV heroes as Crockett, Robin Hood and Captain Video, Zorro possesses an extra element of secrecy and masked conspiracy that children relish. He also has a dashing mustache, carefully duplicated with burnt cork on a myriad of young upper lips. He is always befriending, as his song says, "the weak, the poor and the meek." Like all childhood heroes he is a knight at heart, proclaiming "my sword is a flame to right every wrong."

LIVE SHOW is given at Disneyland for fans who watch Zorro being pursued and leaping from roof. →





PRESENT ZORRO, Guy Williams (*left*) plays role in weekly TV series. A better fencer than either of his predecessors, he here fights off two Spanish villains.



ZORROFIED QUARTET, the Chordettes, wear costumes to sing theme song *Zorro*, which became hit record. Three other Zorro records have also sold well.



YOUNG ZORROS in more or less full regalia at Disneyland pay noisy homage to Guy Williams who, clothed in black from head to foot, gives them his autograph.

Secret brotherhood and dashing show-offs



"HAIL ZORRO!" is shouted by Zorro club members who pledge brotherhood in secret cellar meeting in Hingham, Mass. On table are dues, a penny a meeting.

ELONGATED ZORROS, David Hooper and Mitch Pingel show up in trick mirror at Denver amusement park, where Mitch's sword is distorted into lariat shape. ➔



DOUBLY ARMED ZORRO, Donald Holthaus, 6, of Hingham, confronts foes with sword, water pistol.



SQUAT ZORROS, David and Mitch are impressed by their own masked faces in a funny-house mirror.

The clash of arms and the perils of the fray



DUELING AT DISNEYLAND, Guy Williams makes one of many public appearances that help keep his fans Zorro-minded. He intended only to ride through

Disneyland streets, but yelling admirers forced him to jump off his horse and fight impromptu duel with his TV adversary, Captain Monastario (Britt Lomond).



A VICTORIOUS THRUST is delivered by brave Mathew Avery, aged 4, of Hingham, as his 7-year-old brother Todd obligingly falls back, grievously wounded.

A SUDDEN CALAMITY befalls Mathew after his victory. Having accidentally → broken his sword, he burst into tears, but is handed a new one by a neighbor.



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ANDREW HEISKELL, *Publisher*

you so much...
so surely





WHEN SHE WAS 11, ANNE HAD A SERIES OF CLOSE-UP PICTURES MADE OF HERSELF IN AN AUTOMATIC PHOTO MACHINE IN AMSTERDAM. SHE LATER PASTED

A TRAGEDY REVEALED:

Survivors tell how Anne Frank, whose diary endeared her

Anne Frank's "Diary," the world-famous story of a young girl which movingly symbolized the triumph of childhood's innocence over totalitarian brutality, ends abruptly in 1944 when the Franks were captured by the Nazis. How Anne lived out her last days has been largely unknown. Now it is told in Ernst Schnabel's book, "Anne Frank: A Portrait in Courage," which Harcourt, Brace will publish next month. This article has been drawn from the book.

LAST year in Amsterdam I found an old reel of movie film on which Anne Frank appears. She is seen for only 10 seconds and it is an accident that she is there at all.

The film was taken for a wedding in 1941, the year before Anne Frank and seven others went into hiding in their "Secret Annexe." It has a flickering, Chaplinesque quality with people popping suddenly in and out of doorways, the nervous smiles and hurried waves of the departing bride and groom.

Then, for just a moment, the camera seems uncertain where to look. It darts to the right, then to the left, then whisks up a wall, and into view comes a window crowded with people waving after the departing automobiles. The camera swings farther to the left to another window. There a girl stands alone, looking out into space. It is Anne Frank.

Just as the camera is about to pass on, the child moves her head a trifle. Her face flits more into focus, her hair shimmers in the sun. At this moment she discovers the camera, discovers the photographer, discovers us watching 17 years later, and laughs at all of us, laughs with sudden merriment and surprise and embarrassment all at the same time.

I asked the projectionist to stop the film for a moment so that we could stand up to examine her face more closely. The smile stood still, just above our heads. But when I walked forward close to the screen the smile ceased to be a smile. The face ceased to be a face, for the canvas screen was granular and the beam of light split into a multitude of tiny shadows,

as if it had been scattered on a sandy plain.

Anne Frank, of course, is gone too, but her spirit has remained to stir the conscience of the world. Her remarkable diary has been read in almost every language. I have seen a letter from a teen-aged girl in Japan who says she thinks of Anne's Secret Annexe as her second home. And the play based on the diary has been a great success wherever it is produced. German audiences, who invariably greet the final curtain of *The Diary of Anne Frank* in stricken silence, have jammed the theaters in what seems almost a national act of penance.

Last year I set out to follow the fading trail of this girl who has become a legend. The trail led from Holland to Poland and back to Germany, where I visited the moss-grown site of the old Bergen-Belsen concentration camp at the village of Belsen and saw the common graves shared by Anne Frank and 30,000 others. I interviewed 42 people who knew Anne or who survived the ordeal that killed her. Some had known her intimately in those last tragic months. In the recollections of others she appears only for a moment. But even these fragments fulfill a promise. They make explicit a truth implied in the diary. As we somehow knew she must be, Anne Frank, even in the most frightful extremity, was indomitable.

THE known story contained in the diary is a simple one of human relationships, of the poignant maturing of a perceptive girl who is 13 when her diary begins and only 15 when it ends. It is a story without violence, though its background is the most dreadful act of violence in the history of man, Hitler's annihilation of six million European Jews.

In the summer of 1942 Anne Frank, her father, her mother, her older sister Margot and four others were forced into hiding during the Nazi occupation of Holland. Their refuge was a tiny apartment they called the Secret Annexe, in the back of an Amsterdam office building. For 25 months the Franks, the Van Daan family and later a dentist, Albert Düssel, lived in

the Secret Annexe, protected from the Gestapo only by a swinging bookcase which masked the entrance to their hiding place and by the heroism of a few Christians who knew they were there. Anne Frank's diary recounts the daily pressures of their cramped existence: the hushed silences when strangers were in the building, the diminishing food supply, the fear of fire from the incessant Allied air raids, the hopes for an early invasion, above all the dread of capture by the pitiless men who were hunting Jews from house to house and sending them to concentration camps. Anne's diary also describes with sharp insight and youthful humor the bickerings, the wounded prides, the tearful reconciliations of the eight human beings in the Secret Annexe. It tells of Anne's wishes for the understanding of her adored father, of her despair at the gulf between her mother and herself, of her tremulous and growing love for young Peter Van Daan.

The actual diary ends with an entry for Aug. 1, 1944, in which Anne Frank, addressing her imaginary friend Kitty, talks of her impatience with her own unpredictable personality. The stage version goes further: it attempts to reconstruct something of the events of Aug. 4, 1944, the day the Secret Annexe was violated and its occupants finally taken into a captivity from which only one returned.

What really happened on that August day 14 years ago was far less dramatic than what is now depicted on the stage. The automobiles did not approach with howling sirens, did not stop with screaming brakes in front of the house on the Prinsengracht canal in Amsterdam. No rifle butt pounded against the door until it reverberated as it now does in the theater every night somewhere in the world. The truth was, at first, that no one heard a sound.

It was mid-morning on a bright summer day. In the hidden apartment behind the secret bookcase there was a scene of relaxed domesticity. The Franks, the Van Daans and Mr. Düssel had finished a poor breakfast of ersatz coffee and bread. Mrs. Frank and Mrs.



MOST OF THEM IN HER DIARY AND WROTE CAPTIONS TO GO WITH THEM LIKE "OH, WHAT A MOP," "SWEET," "SNOOTY" AND "HELLO—YES, I AM VERY WELL"

HEROINE'S LAST DAYS

to the world, was indomitable to the end

by ERNST SCHNABEL

Van Daan were about to clear the table. Mr. Van Daan, Margot Frank and Mr. Düssel were resting or reading. Anne Frank was very likely at work on one of the short stories she often wrote when she was not busy with her diary or her novel. In Peter Van Daan's tiny attic room Otto Frank was chiding the 18-year-old boy for an error in his English lesson. "Why, Peter," Mr. Frank was saying, "you know that *double* is spelled with only one *b*."

In the main part of the building four other people, two men and two women, were working at their regular jobs. For more than two years these four had risked their lives to protect their friends in the hideout, supplied them with food and brought them news of a world from which they had disappeared. One of the women was Miep, who had just got married a few months earlier. The other was Elli, a pretty typist of 23. The men were Kraler and Koophuis, middle-aged spice merchants who had been business associates of Otto Frank's before the occupation. Mr. Kraler was working in one office by himself. Koophuis and the two girls were in another.

I spoke to Miep, Elli and Mr. Koophuis in Amsterdam. The two women had not been arrested after the raid on the Secret Annexe. Koophuis had been released in poor health after a few weeks in prison, and Kraler, who now lives in Canada, had eventually escaped from a forced labor camp.

Elli, now a mother whose coloring and plump good looks are startlingly like those of the young women painted by the Dutch masters, recalled: "I was posting entries in the receipts book when a car drove up in front of the house. But cars often stopped, after all. Then the front door opened, and someone came up the stairs. I wondered who it could be. We often had callers. Only this time I could hear that there were several men. . . ."

Miep, a delicate, intelligent, still young-looking woman, said: "The footsteps moved along the corridor. Then a door creaked, and a moment later the connecting door to Mr.



ONE OF LAST PICTURES ever taken of Anne Frank shows her in school in December 1941. She

was then 12. The following summer, as Nazi oppression grew worse, the Franks went into hiding.

CONTINUED



DUMPING ANNE'S PAPERS, as Franks watch, policeman empties briefcase of red-checked diary and notes. This and other drawings are by Tom Allen.

ANNE FRANK CONTINUED

Kraler's office opened, and a fat man thrust his head in and said in Dutch: 'Quiet. Stay in your seats.' I started and at first did not know what was happening. But then, suddenly, I knew."

Mr. Koophuis is now in very poor health, a gaunt, white-haired man in his 60s. He added: "I suppose I did not hear them because of the rumbling of the spice mills in the warehouse. The fat man's head was the first thing I knew. He came in and planted himself in front of us. 'You three stay here, understand?' he barked. So we stayed in the office and listened as someone else went upstairs, and doors rattled, and then there were footsteps everywhere. They searched the whole building."

Mr. Kraler wrote me this account from Toronto: "A uniformed staff sergeant of the Occupation Police and three men in civilian clothes entered my office. They wanted to see the storerooms in the front part of the building. All will be well, I thought, if they don't want to see anything else. But after the sergeant had looked at everything, he went out into the corridor, ordering me again to come along. At the end of the corridor they drew their revolvers all at once and the sergeant ordered me to push aside the bookcase and open the door behind it. I said: 'But there's only a bookcase there!' At that he turned nasty, for he knew everything. He took hold of the bookcase and pulled. It yielded and the secret door was exposed. Perhaps the hooks had not been properly fastened. They opened the door and I had to precede them up the steps. The policemen followed me. I could feel their pistols in my back. I was the first to enter the Franks' room. Mrs. Frank was standing at the table. I made a great effort and managed to say: 'The Gestapo is here.'"

Otto Frank, now 68, has remarried and lives in Switzerland. Of the eight who lived in the Secret Annex, he is the only survivor. A handsome, soft-spoken man of obviously great intelligence, he regularly answers correspondence that comes to him about his daughter from all over the world. He recently went to Hollywood for consultation on the movie version of *The Diary of Anne Frank*. About the events of that August morning in 1944 Mr. Frank told me: "I was showing Peter Van Daan his spelling mistakes when suddenly someone came running up the stairs. The steps creaked, and I started to my feet, for it was morning when everyone was supposed to be quiet. But then the door flew open and a man stood before us holding his pistol aimed at my chest."

"In the main room the others were already assembled. My wife and the children and Van Daans were standing there with raised hands. Then Albert Düssel came in, followed by another stranger. In the middle of the room stood a uniformed policeman. He stared into our faces."

"Where are your valuables?" he asked. I pointed to the cupboard where my cashbox was kept. The policeman took it out. Then he looked around and his eye fell on the leather briefcase where Anne kept her diary and all her papers. He opened it and shook everything out, dumped the contents on the floor so that Anne's papers and notebooks and loose

sheets lay scattered at our feet. No one spoke, and the policeman didn't even glance at the mess on the floor as he put our valuables into the briefcase and closed it. He asked us whether we had any weapons. But we had none, of course. Then he said, 'Get ready.'"

Who betrayed the occupants of the Secret Annex? No one is sure, but some suspicion centers on a man I can only call M., whom the living remember as a crafty and disagreeable sneak. He was a warehouse clerk hired after the Franks moved into the building, and he was never told of their presence. M. used to come to work early in the mornings, and he once found a locked briefcase which Mr. Van Daan had carelessly left in the office, where he sometimes worked in the dead of night. Though Kraler claimed it was his own briefcase, it is possible the clerk suspected. Little signs lead to bigger conclusions. In the course of the months he had worked in the building, M. might have gathered many such signs: the dial on the office radio left at BBC by nocturnal listeners, slight rearrangements in the office furniture and, of course, small inexplicable sounds from the back of the building.

M. was tried later by a war crimes court, denied everything and was acquitted. No one knows where he is now. I made no effort to find him. Neither did I search out Silberthaler, the German police sergeant who made the arrest. The betrayers would have told me nothing.

IRONICALLY enough, the occupants of the Secret Annex had grown optimistic in the last weeks of their self-imposed confinement. The terrors of those first nights had largely faded. Even the German army communiqués made clear that the war was approaching an end. The Russians were well into Poland. On the Western front Americans had broken through at Avranches and were pouring into the heart of France. Holland must be liberated soon. In her diary Anne Frank wrote that she thought she might be back in school by fall.

Now they were all packing. Of the capture Otto Frank recalled: "No one wept. Anne was very quiet and composed, only just as dispirited as the rest of us. Perhaps that was why she did not think to take along her notebooks, which lay scattered about on the floor. But maybe she too had the premonition that all was lost now, everything, and so she walked back and forth and did not even glance at her diary."

As the captives filed out of the building, Miep sat listening. "I heard them going," she said, "first in the corridor and then down the stairs. I could hear the heavy boots and the footsteps, and then the very light footsteps of Anne. Through the years she had taught herself to walk so softly that you could hear her only if you knew what to listen for. I did not see her, for the office door was closed as they all passed by."

At Gestapo headquarters the prisoners were interrogated only briefly. As Otto Frank pointed out to his questioners, it was unlikely, after 25 months in the Secret Annex, that he would know the whereabouts of any other Jews who were hiding in Amsterdam.

The Franks, the Van Daans and Düssel were kept at police headquarters for several days, the men in one cell, the women in the other. They were relatively comfortable there. The food was better than the food they had had in the Secret Annex and the guards left them alone.



OTTO FRANK TODAY

Suddenly all eight were taken to the railroad station and put on a train. The guards named their destination: Westerbork, a concentration camp for Jews in Holland, about 80 miles from Amsterdam. Mr. Frank said: "We rode in a regular passenger train. The fact that the door was bolted did not matter very much. We were together and had been given a little food for the journey. We were actually cheerful. Cheerful, at least, when I compare that journey to our next. We had already anticipated the possibility that we might not remain in Westerbork to the end. We knew what was happening to Jews in Auschwitz. But weren't the Russians already deep into Poland? We hoped our luck would hold."

"As we rode, Anne would not move from the window. It was summer outside. Meadows, stubble fields and villages flew by. The telephone wires along the right of way curved up and down along the windows. After two years it was like freedom for her. Can you understand that?"

Among the names given me of survivors who had known the Franks at Westerbork was that of a Mrs. de Wiek, who lives in Apeldoorn, Holland. I visited Mrs. de Wiek in her home. A lovely, gracious woman, she told me that her family, like the Franks, had been in hiding for months before their capture. She said: "We had been at Westerbork three or four weeks when the word went around that there were new arrivals. News of that kind ran like wildfire through the camp, and my daughter Judy came running to me, calling, 'New people are coming, Mama!'"

"The newcomers were standing in a long row in the mustering square, and one of the clerks was entering their names on a list. We looked at them, and Judy pressed close against me. Most of the people in the camp



"Boy, was I a chump for not telephoning ahead!"

"There we were riding through the night with no place to head in.

"Mary was upset and I was getting more worried by the minute. Every NO VACANCY sign kept reminding me what a chump I was

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NEW ARRIVALS at Westerbork, the Franks (right, background) are seen by Judy de Wiek and mother who tells Judy she will have a young friend.

ANNE FRANK CONTINUED

were adults, and I had often wished for a young friend for Judy, who was only 15. As I looked along the line, fearing I might see someone I knew, I suddenly exclaimed, 'Judy, see!'

"In the long line stood eight people whose faces, white as paper, told you at once that they had been hiding and had not been in the open air for years. Among them was this girl. And I said to Judy, 'Look, there is a friend for you.'

"I saw Anne Frank and Peter Van Daan every day in Westerbork. They were always together, and I often said to my husband, 'Look at those two beautiful young people.'

"Anne was so radiant that her beauty flowed over into Peter. Her eyes glowed and her movements had a lilt to them. She was very pallid at first, but there was something so attractive about her frailty and her expressive face that at first Judy was too shy to make friends.

"Anne was happy there, incredible as it seems. Things were hard for us in the camp. We 'convict Jews' who had been arrested in hiding places had to wear blue overalls with a red bib and wooden shoes. Our men had their heads shaved. Three hundred people lived in each barracks. We were sent to work at 5 in the morning, the children to a cable workshop and the grownups to a shed where we had to break up old batteries and salvage the metal and the carbon rods. The food was bad, we were always kept on the run, and the guards all screamed 'Faster, faster!' But Anne was happy. It was as if she had been liberated. Now she could see new people and talk to them and could laugh. She could laugh while the rest of us thought nothing but: Will they send us to the camps in Poland? Will we live through it?

"Edith Frank, Anne's mother, seemed numbed by the experience. She could have been a mute. Anne's sister Margot spoke little and Otto Frank was quiet too, but his was a reassuring quietness that helped Anne and all of us. He lived in the men's barracks, but once when Anne was sick he came over to visit her every evening and would stand beside her bed for hours, telling her stories. Anne was so like him. When another child, a 12-year-old boy named David, fell ill, Anne stood by his bed and talked to him. David came from an Orthodox family, and he and Anne always talked about God."

Anne Frank stayed at Westerbork only three weeks. Early in September a thousand of the "convict Jews" were put on a freight train, 75 people to a car. Brussels fell to the Allies, then Antwerp, then the Americans reached Aachen. But the victories were coming too late. The Franks and their friends were already on the way to Auschwitz, the camp in Poland where four million Jews died.

Mrs. de Wiek was in the same freight car with the Franks on that journey from Westerbork to Auschwitz. "Now and then when the train stopped," she told me, "the SS guards came to the door and held out their caps and we had to toss our money and valuables into the caps. Anne and Judy sometimes pulled themselves up to the small barred window of the car and described the villages we were passing through. We made the children repeat the addresses where we could meet after the war if we became separated in the camp. I remember that the Franks chose a meeting place in Switzerland.



ENFORCED HANDOUTS are given guards by prisoners on stops during train ride to Auschwitz. SS trooper holds cap, demands money, valuables.

"I sat beside my husband on a small box. On the third day in the train, my husband suddenly took my hand and said, 'I want to thank you for the wonderful life we have had together.'"

"I snatched my hand away from his, crying, 'What are you thinking about? It's not over!'"

"But he calmly reached for my hand again and took it and repeated several times, 'thank you. Thank you for the life we have had together.' Then I left my hand in his and did not try to draw it away."

On the third night the train stopped, the doors of the car slid violently open, and the first the exhausted passengers saw of Auschwitz was the glaring searchlights fixed on the train. On the platform *Kapos* (criminal convicts who were assigned to positions of authority over the other prisoners) were running back and forth shouting orders. Behind them, seen distinctly against the light, stood the SS officers, trimly built and smartly uniformed, many of them with huge dogs at their sides. As the people poured out of the train, a loudspeaker roared, "Women to the left! Men to the right!"

Mrs. de Wiek went on calmly: "I saw them all as they went away, Mr. Van Daan and Mr. Düssel and Peter and Mr. Frank. But I saw no sign of my husband. He had vanished. I never saw him again."

"Listen!" the loudspeaker bawled again. 'It is an hour's march to the women's camp. For the children and the sick there are trucks waiting at the end of the platform.'

"We could see the trucks," Mrs. de Wiek said. "They were painted with big red crosses. We all made a rush for them. Who among us was not sick after those days on the train? But we did not reach them. People were still hanging on to the backs of the trucks as they started off. Not one person who went along on that ride ever arrived at the women's camp, and no one has ever found any trace of them."

Mrs. de Wiek, her daughter, Mrs. Van Daan, Mrs. Frank, Margot and Anne survived the brutal pace of the night march to the women's camp at Auschwitz. Next day their heads were shaved; they learned that the hair was useful as packing for pipe joints in U-boats. Then the women were put to work digging sods of grass which they placed in great piles. As they labored each day, thousands of others were dispatched with maniacal efficiency in the gas chambers, and smoke rising from the stacks of the huge crematoriums blackened the sky.

Mrs. de Wiek saw Anne Frank every day at Auschwitz. "Anne seemed even more beautiful there," Mrs. de Wiek said, "than she had at Westerbork. Of course her long hair was gone, but now you could see that her beauty was in her eyes, which seemed to grow bigger as she grew thinner. Her gaiety had vanished, but she was still alert and sweet, and with her charm she sometimes secured things that the rest of us had long since given up hoping for."

"For example, we each had only a gray sack to wear. But when the weather turned cold, Anne came in one day wearing a suit of men's long underwear. She had begged it somewhere. She looked screamingly funny with those long white legs, but somehow still delightful."

"Though she was the youngest, Anne was the leader in her group of five people. She also gave out the bread to everyone in the barracks and she did it so fairly there was none of the usual grumbling."

"We were always thirsty at Auschwitz, so thirsty that at roll call

CONTINUED



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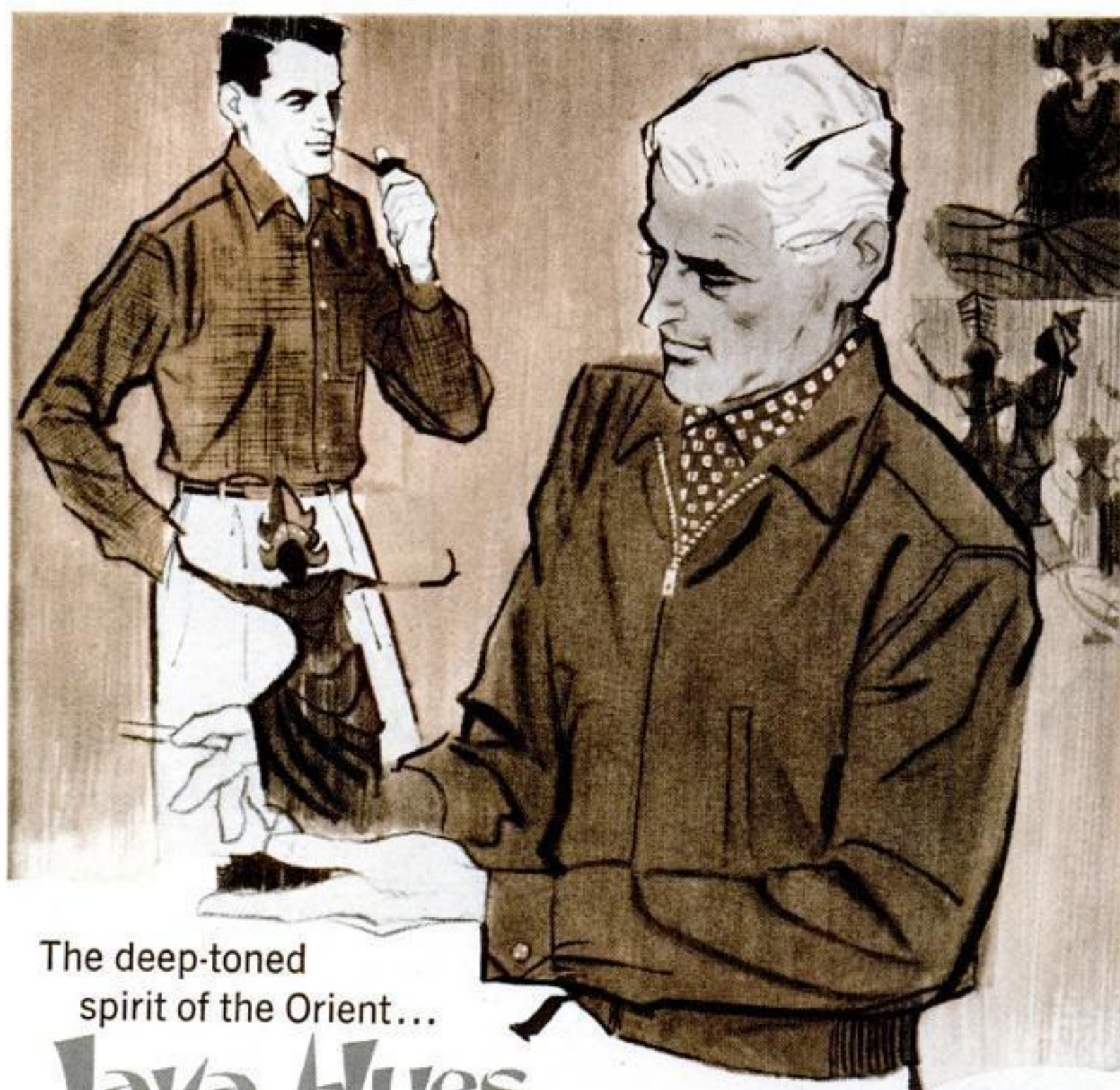
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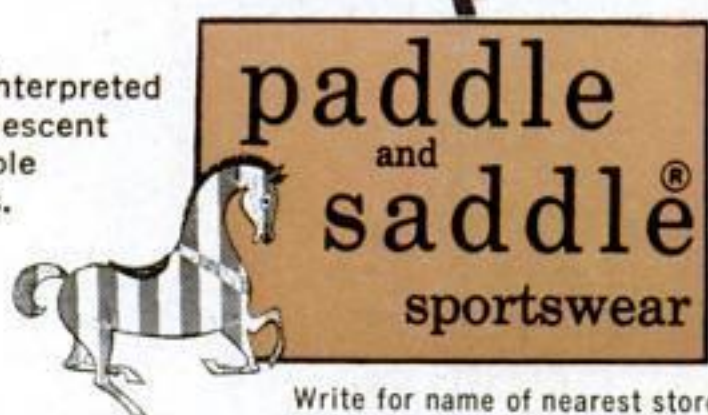
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ODD SIGHT is presented by Anne as she walks around enclosure at Auschwitz in prized suit of men's long underwear which she somehow had begged.

ANNE FRANK CONTINUED

we would stick out our tongues if it happened to be raining or snowing, and many became sick from bad water. Once when I was almost dead because there was nothing to drink, Anne suddenly came to me with a cup of coffee. To this day I don't know where she got it.

In the barracks many people were dying, some of starvation, others of weakness and despair. It was almost impossible not to give up hope, and when a person gave up, his face became empty and dead. The Polish woman doctor who had been caring for the sick said to me, "You will pull through. You still have your face."

"Anne Frank, too, still had her face, up to the very last. To the last also she was moved by the dreadful things the rest of us had somehow become hardened to. Who bothered to look when the flames shot up into the sky at night from the crematoriums? Who was troubled that every day new people were being selected and gassed? Most of us were beyond feeling. But not Anne. I can still see her standing at the door and looking down the camp street as a group of naked gypsy girls were driven by on their way to the crematorium. Anne watched them going and cried. And she also cried when we marched past the Hungarian children who had been waiting half a day in the rain in front of the gas chambers. And Anne nudged me and said, 'Look, look! Their eyes!' Anne cried. And you cannot imagine how soon most of us came to the end of our tears."

Late in October the SS selected the healthiest of the women prisoners for work in a munitions factory in Czechoslovakia. Judy de Wiek was taken from her mother, but Anne and her sister Margot were rejected because they had contracted scabies. A few days later there was another selection for shipment from Auschwitz. Stripped, the women waited naked for hours on the mustering ground outside the barracks. Then, one by one, they filed into the barracks where a battery of powerful lights had been set up and an SS doctor waited to check them over. Only those able to stand a trip and do hard work were being chosen for this new shipment, and many of the women lied about their age and condition in the hope that they would escape the almost certain death of Auschwitz. Mrs. de Wiek was rejected and so was Mrs. Frank. They waited, looking on.

"Next it was the turn of the two girls, Anne and Margot," Mrs. de Wiek recalled. "Even under the glare of that light Anne still had her face, and she encouraged Margot, and Margot walked erect into the light. There they stood for a moment, naked and shaven-headed, and Anne looked at us with her unclouded face, looked straight and stood straight, and then they were approved and passed along. We could not see what was on the other side of the light. Mrs. Frank screamed, 'The children! Oh, God!'"

The chronicle of most of the other occupants of the Secret Annex ends at Auschwitz. Mrs. Frank died there of malnutrition two

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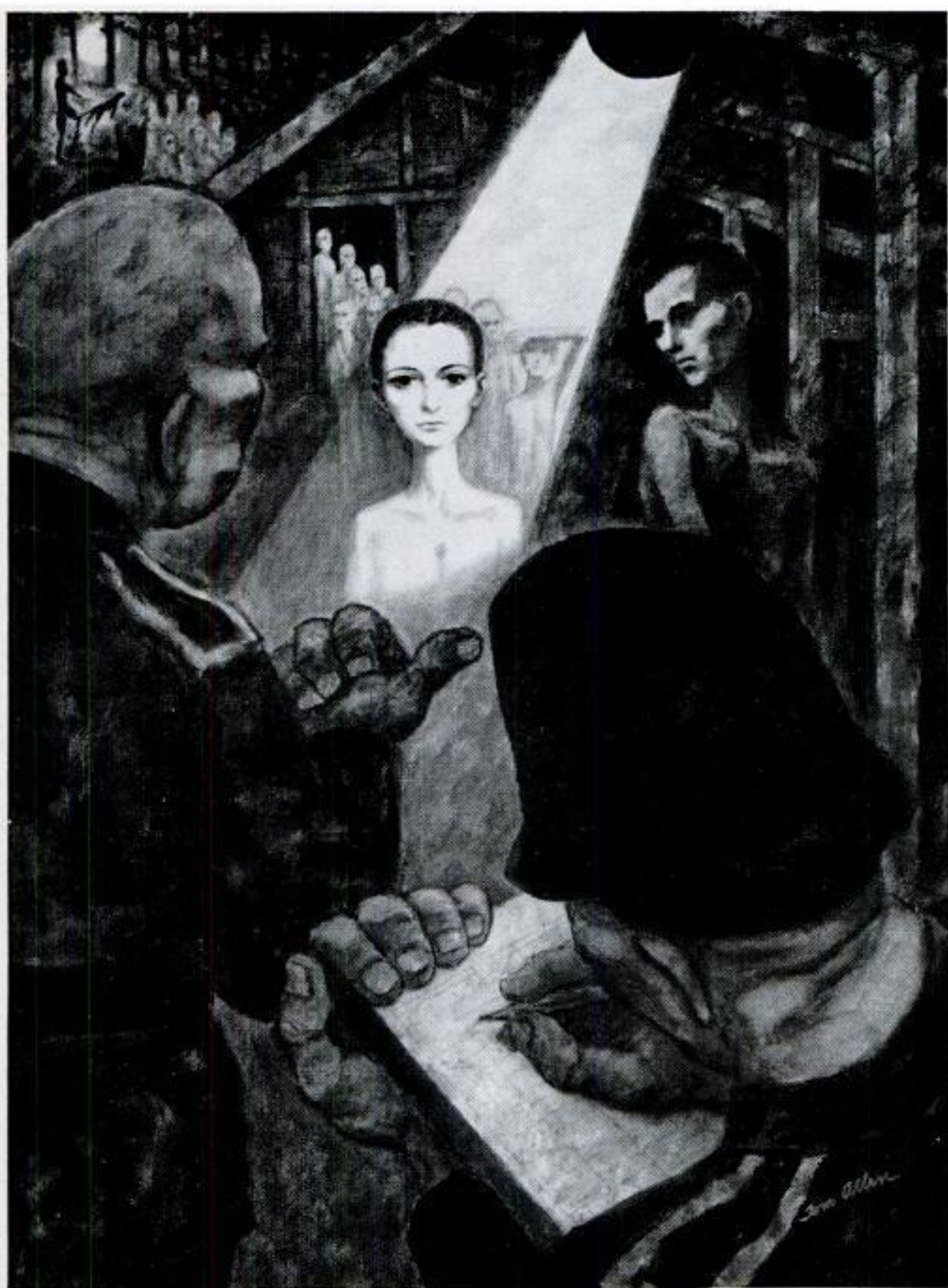
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NAKED IN SPOTLIGHT, Anne passes inspection to go with Margot (right) to Bergen-Belsen. In the background other women wait to be inspected.

ANNE FRANK CONTINUED

months later. Mr. Frank saw Mr. Van Daan marched to the gas chambers. When the SS fled Auschwitz before the approaching Russians in January 1945, they took Peter Van Daan with them. It was bitter cold and the roads were covered with ice and Peter Van Daan, Anne Frank's shy beloved, was never heard of again.

From Auschwitz, Mr. Dussel, the dentist, was shipped to a camp in Germany where he died. Only Otto Frank remained there alive until liberation. Anne Frank and Mrs. Van Daan and Margot had been selected for shipment to Bergen-Belsen.

Last year I drove the 225 miles from Amsterdam to Belsen and spent a day there walking over the heath. The site of the old camp is near the city of Hannover in the state of Lower Saxony. It was June when I arrived, and lupine was in flower in the scrubland.

My guide first showed me the cemetery where 50,000 Russian prisoners of war, captured in one of Hitler's great early offensives, were buried in 1941. Next to them is a cemetery for Italians. No one knows exactly whether there are 300 or 3,000 in that mass grave.

About a mile farther we came to the main site of the Bergen-Belsen camp. Amid the low growth of pine and birches many large rectangular patches can be seen on the heath. The barracks stood on these, and between them the worn tracks of thousands of bare feet are still visible. There are more mass graves nearby, low mounds overgrown with heath grass or new-planted dwarf pines. Boards bearing the numbers of the dead stand beside some mounds, but others are unmarked and barely discernible. Anne Frank lies there.

The train that carried Anne from Auschwitz to Belsen stopped at every second station because of air raids. At Bergen-Belsen there were no roll calls, no organization, almost no sign of the SS. Prisoners lived on the heath without hope. The fact that the Allies had reached the Rhine encouraged no one. Prisoners died daily—of hunger, thirst, sickness.

The Auschwitz group had at first been assigned to tents at the Bergen-Belsen heath, tents which one survivor recalls gave an oddly gay carnival aspect to the camp. One night that fall a great windstorm brought the tents crashing down, and their occupants were then put in wooden barracks. Mrs. B. of Amsterdam remembered about Anne: "We lived in the same block and saw each other often. In fact, we had a party together at Christmastime. We had saved up

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ANNE FRANK CONTINUED

and day. And in the midst of the starvation and the murder there was a great epidemic of typhus.

Both Anne and Margot Frank contracted the disease in late February or early March of 1945. Margot lay in a coma for several days. Then, while unconscious, she somehow rolled from her bed and died. Mrs. Van Daan also died in the epidemic.

The death of Anne Frank passed almost without notice. For Anne, as for millions of others, it was only the final anonymity, and I met no one who remembers being with her in that moment. So many were dying. One woman said, "I feel certain she died because of her sister's death. Dying is easy for anyone left alone in a concentration camp." Mrs. B., who had shared the pitiful Christmastide feast with Anne, knows a little more: "Anne, who was very sick at the time, was not informed of her sister's death. But a few days later she sensed it and soon afterward she died, peacefully."

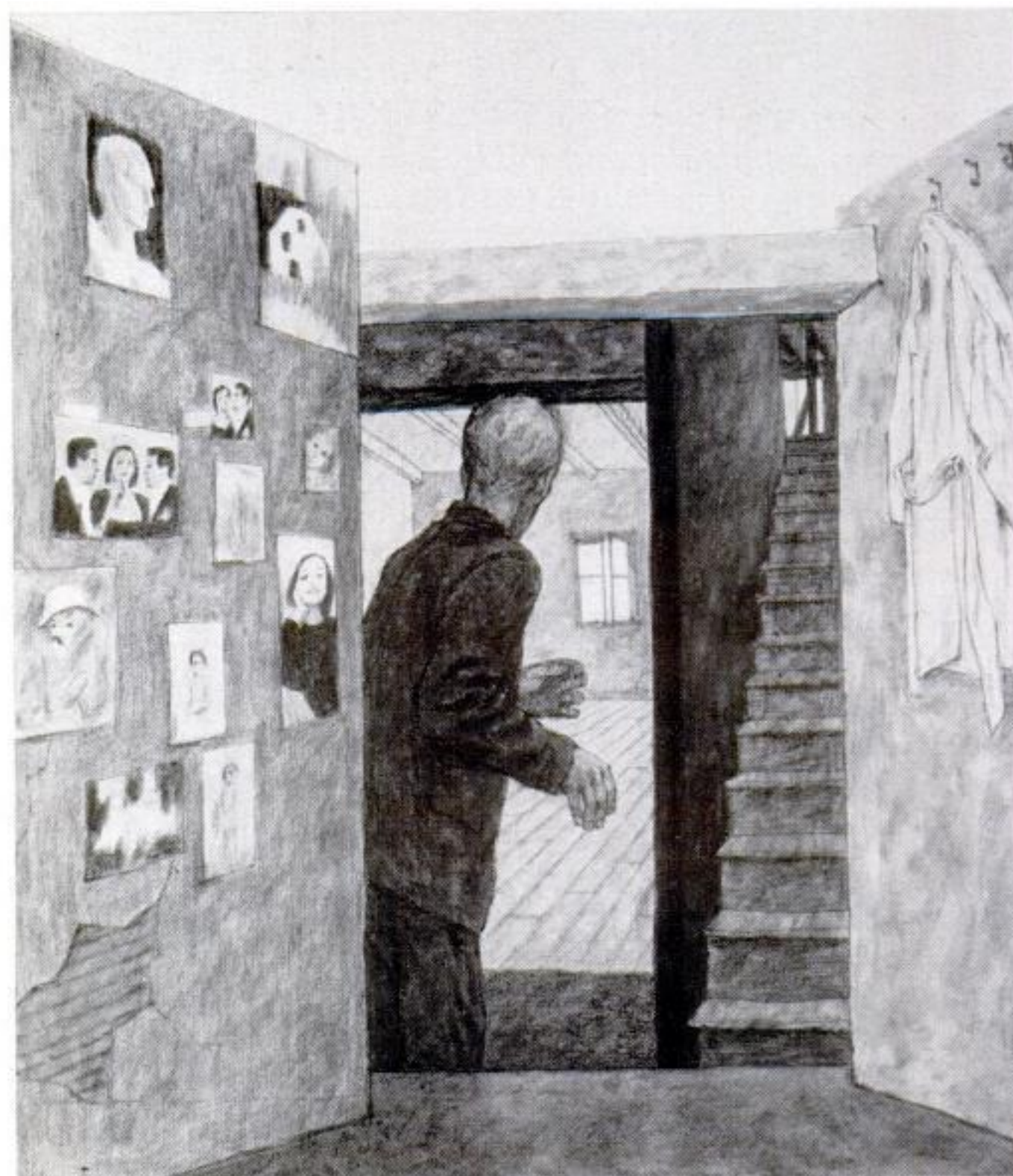
Three weeks later British troops liberated Bergen-Belsen.

MIEP and Elli, the heroic young women who had shielded the Franks for two years, found Anne's papers during the week after the police raid on the Secret Annex. "It was terrible when I went up there," Miep recalled. "Everything had been turned upside down. On the floor lay clothes, papers, letters and school notebooks. Anne's little wrapper hung from a hook on the wall. And among the clutter on the floor lay a notebook with a red-checked cover. I picked it up, looked at the pages and recognized Anne's handwriting."

Elli wept as she spoke to me: "The table was still set. There were plates, cups and spoons, but the plates were empty, and I was so frightened I scarcely dared take a step. We sat down on the floor and leafed through all the papers. They were all Anne's, the notebooks and the colored duplicate paper from the office too. We gathered all of them and locked them up in the main office."

"A few days later 'M.' came into the office, 'M.' who now had the keys to the building. He said to me, 'I found some more stuff upstairs,' and he handed me another sheaf of Anne's papers. How strange, I thought, that he should be the one to give these to me. But I took them and locked them up with the others."

Miep and Elli did not read the papers they had saved. The red-checked diary, the office account books into which it overflowed, the 312 tissue-thin sheets of colored paper filled with Anne's short stories and the beginnings of a novel about a young girl who was to live in freedom, all these were kept in the safe until Otto Frank finally returned to Amsterdam alone. Thus Anne Frank's voice was preserved out of the millions that were silenced. No louder than a child's whisper, it speaks for those millions and has outlasted the raucous shouts of the murderers, soaring above the clamorous voices of passing time.



RETURNING TO ANNEXE after war, Otto Frank comes across mute reminders of Anne—pictures of movie stars, her wrapper hanging on a hook.

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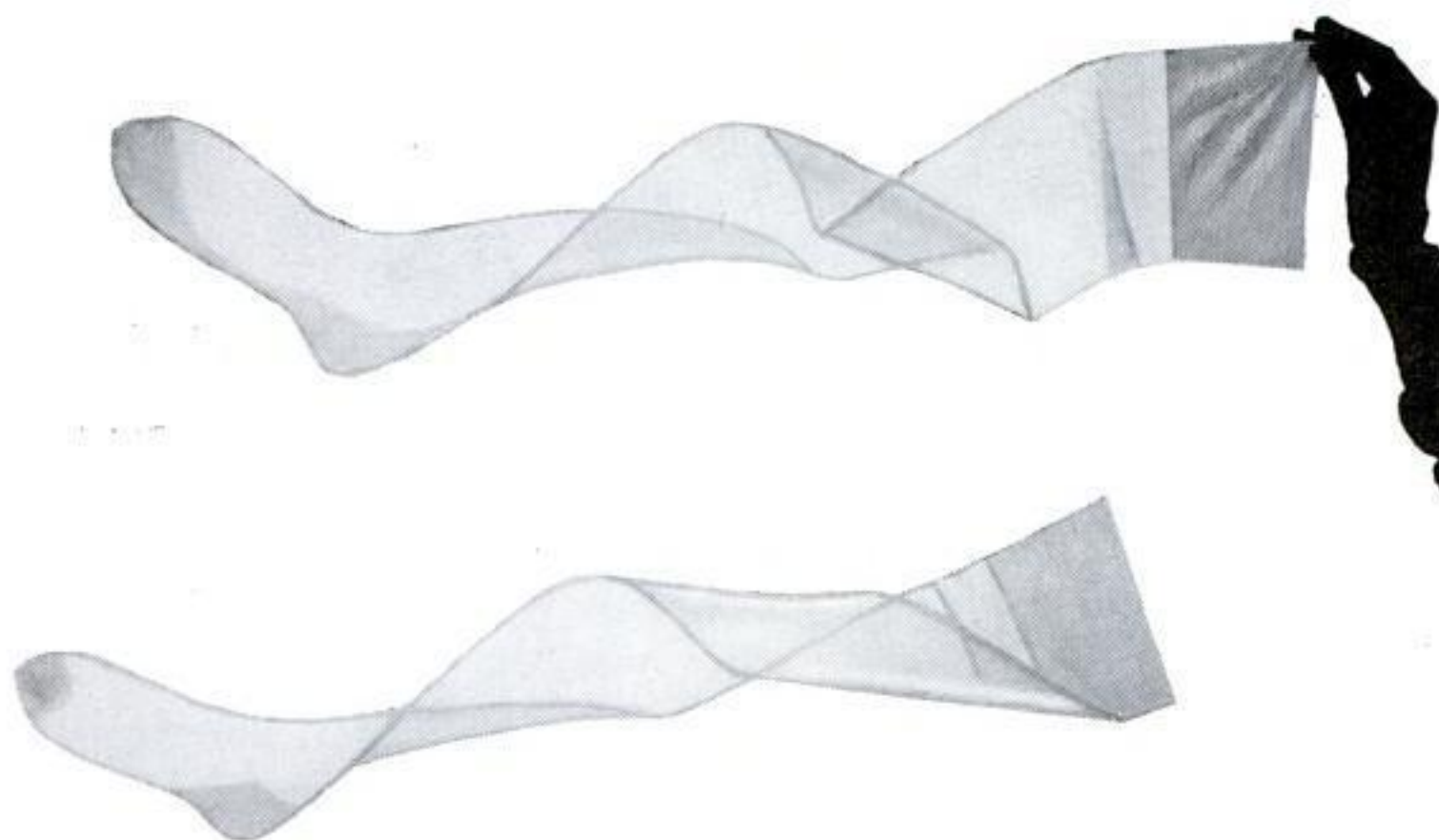
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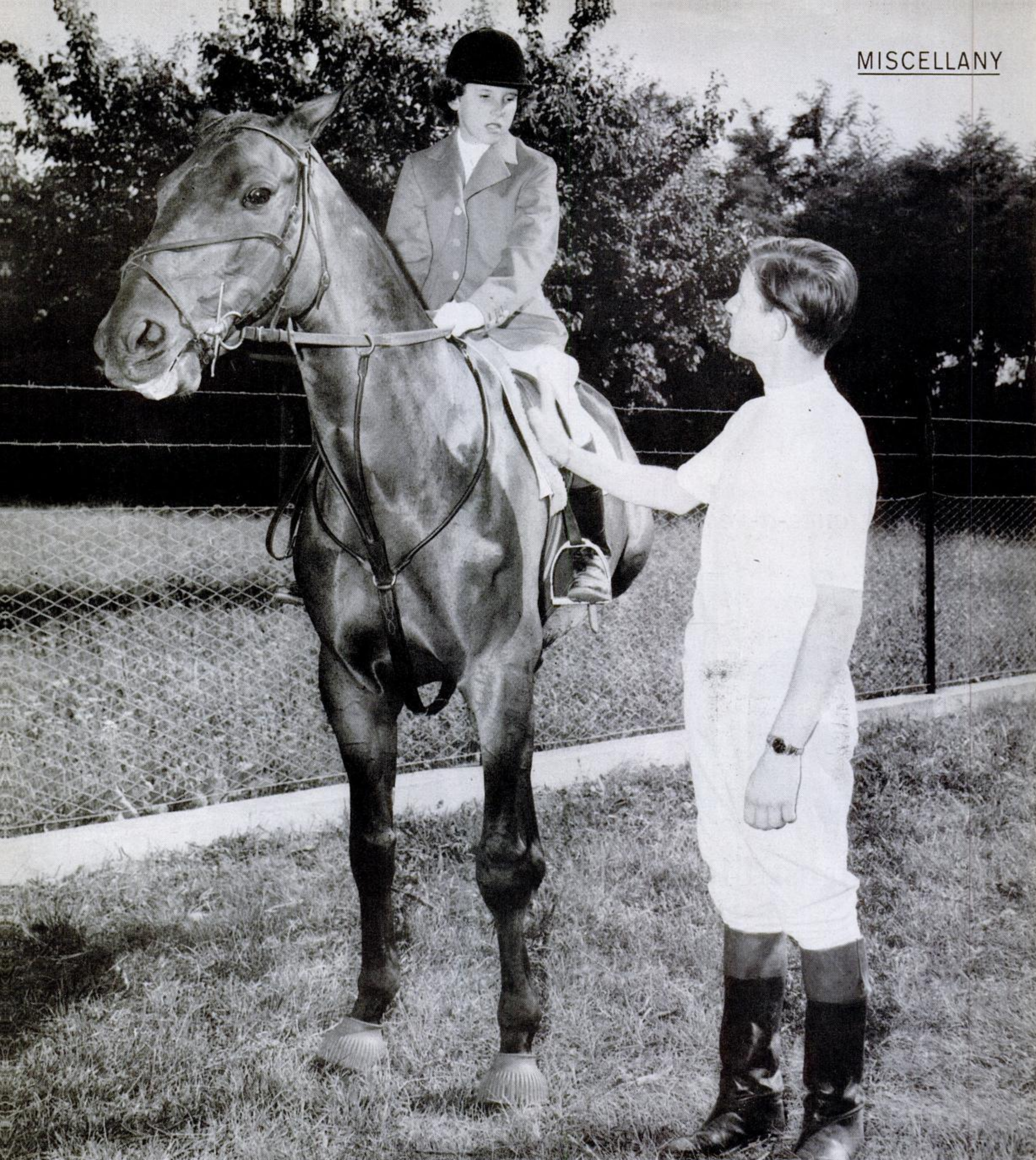
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